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JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

(Late a Senator from Iowa)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS
THIRD SESSION

Proceedings in the Senate
February 18, 1911

Proceedings in the House
February 26, 1911

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DEATH OF HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

DECEMBER 5, 1910.

The Vice President (James S. Sherman, of New York) called the Senate to order at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, in whose presence we now stand, look with favor, we pray Thee, upon Thy waiting servants now before Thee, and graciously hear the common supplication which with one heart and with one mind we make unto Thee.

The absent faces remind us anew that it is not in us who walk to direct our steps, and that we are ever dependent upon Thee, without whom not a sparrow falleth. We remember before Thee, our Father, those of our body whom Thou hast called from these earthly courts to Thine higher service, and pray that there as here they may be compassed about by Thine everlasting arms.

And for us, as we gird ourselves for the work to which Thou hast called us, we pray that we may be guided by Thy wisdom and upheld by Thy strength; that this session, begun in Thy name, may be continued by Thy grace and ended to Thy glory.

And unto the name which is above every name will we render praise, now and forevermore. Amen.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

Mr. CUMMINS. Mr. President, it has become my duty, and a very sad duty it is, to announce to the Senate the death of my colleague, JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER. He died at his home in the city of Fort Dodge on the 15th day of October.

At another time I shall ask the Senate to designate a day upon which we can consider and reflect on his great personal worth and his distinguished public service. At this time I offer the following resolutions.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Secretary will read the resolutions offered by the Senator from Iowa.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, late a Senator from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

JANUARY 21, 1911.

Mr. BACON. Mr. President, I desire to give notice, speaking for my colleague and myself, and also for the Senators from Iowa, that on Saturday, the 18th day of February, we shall ask the Senate, at half past 2 o'clock, to suspend the ordinary business for the purpose of listening to tributes to be paid to the memory of my former colleague, Mr. Clay, and of the former Senator from Iowa, Mr. DOLLIVER.

SATURDAY, *February 18, 1911.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence and with whom the souls of the faithful evermore dwell, to Thee alone can we turn in this hour of sorrow and of loss. Thy compassions have been ever of old, and because Thy faithfulness changeth not, therefore are we not cast down. As Thou dost call us to this day of memory, when not as we would but as we are able we speak forth the praise of Thy servants, help us, we pray Thee, by the light of their lives to be faithful in duty, loyal to the service of our country, and obedient to the heavenly vision, because of those who walk no more with us on earth.

And unto Thee, who art the light of them that sit in darkness and who dost comfort all that mourn, giving beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, will we ascribe praise now and for evermore. Amen.

Mr. CUMMINS. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Chamberlain in the chair). The Secretary will read the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Iowa.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER, late a Senator from the State of Iowa.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINS, OF IOWA

MR. PRESIDENT: JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER was born in the country, not far from Kingwood, Preston County, Va., now West Virginia, on the 6th day of February, 1858. His father was a Methodist minister—a circuit rider of the old times—of New England ancestry. His mother was a southern woman of gentle grace and dignity. His early boyhood was spent largely upon the farm of his maternal grandparents, where he was born. He entered the West Virginia University while still very young and graduated in 1875, at the age of 17, with the scientific honor of his class. Very soon thereafter he turned his face to the West, taught school in Illinois for a brief period, and then settled down in Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he was admitted to the bar in 1878. The promise of a brilliant career in his chosen profession, so obvious to those who knew him, had brief opportunity for fulfillment, for, after one unsuccessful effort before the district convention, he was nominated and elected to the House of Representatives in 1888, and from that time forward his life was given to his country, and his great mind and faithful heart were devoted to the service of his fellow men in the discussion of moral, economic, and political questions either in the House, the Senate, or in the forum of the people.

He was continuously a Member of the House from March 4, 1889, until August 2, 1900, when he was ap-

pointed to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John H. Gear. He was elected to the Senate by the Legislature of Iowa in 1902 and again in 1907. He was married in November, 1895, to Miss Louisa Pearsons, a most accomplished woman, who, in the best and highest sense, was a helpmate in all the remaining arduous years of his life, and whose loving concern, loyal zeal, and wise counsels contributed mightily to his distinguished career. Of this union three children were born—Margaret, Frances, and George Prentiss. He died at his home in Fort Dodge on the 15th day of October, 1910, leaving behind him his wife, his three children, two sisters, and a brother.

This is the meager outline of one of the most conspicuous and one of the most fruitful lives of our day and generation, and the Senate has now turned aside from its usual work to survey for a brief time this towering figure which so lately, in vigor and strength, walked to and fro through this Chamber and which but a short while ago stood on this very spot quivering all over with righteous fervor and patriotic enthusiasm, delivering the last and greatest speech of his life in the Senate; a philippic, an argument, an appeal; a masterpiece in the annals of this historic body; an oration that will never be forgotten by those who heard it and that will be read by future generations with increasing delight, so long as good literature is admired and so long as freedom of political thought and public action are preserved among men. As I listened to it I thought of the remark made by Webster in explanation of his famous speech, "I only had to reach out my hand and grasp the thunderbolts as they went smoking by."

We did not know it, and maybe he did not, but the hand of death was even then upon him, and in this memorable address he seemed to gather up all his expir-

ing energies; his strength stiffened, his power grew, and he swept on and up to his highest point of human attainment; and this was his farewell to the Senate and to the world. What an exit from the stage of human activities! What an entrance into the mysteries of the life beyond!

I did not know Senator DOLLIVER's mother, but I knew his father well, and knowing him, I would have been surprised if the son had been other than he was. The father was a striking character. Filled with religious faith that knew no shadow of doubt, he fashioned his life accordingly and turned neither to the right nor left from the path of duty. He never temporized nor compromised. He knew but one way to deal with wrong, and that was to fight it in season and out of season. He rode his circuit to preach and spread the gospel because he believed the gospel was necessary to man's salvation, and to him the luxurious and sinful pleasures of the world were not even a temptation. Just such stern, unflinching belief has made our country what it is, and it was such a man who gave JONATHAN DOLLIVER the bent and direction which kept him true and steady to the highest ideals and made it possible for him to confer lasting benefits upon the age in which he lived.

Senator DOLLIVER was an industrious student in every branch of learning. He enriched an unsurpassed natural endowment by constant explorations into all the fields of knowledge. He not only mastered the facts of history, but he caught and held its spirit and knew the relation of events to each other; and you will all bear witness to his marvelous aptitude in illustrating and illuminating the discussion of a current question by the parallels of former times. He knew the Bible better than any man of my acquaintance, and he knew it not only for its spiritual guidance, but he knew it as the source of the

best and most impressive English spoken by our race. Its strong and homely idioms were always upon his lips, whether in private conversation or in public discourse, and never did a man draw from this inexhaustible fountain sweeter and richer drafts than did our beloved friend.

He was a keen analyst and a profound reasoner, and in every debate he made real contributions to the sum of knowledge upon the subject. Entirely apart from the charm of his oratory, his researches into the policies of government and into the economic problems of his time lifted him up to high distinction among his fellow workers of the House and Senate. All these virtues and accomplishments he shared with many other faithful souls, but he had one power which was not held in equal degree by any other man of his day—his wonderful, almost divine, gift of speech.

The truth is not always interesting, not always convincing, but upon his tongue it always took a form so picturesque and unique that his utterances challenged immediate attention and bore his hearers irresistibly along to his conclusion. His imagination was alive with parallels, illustrations, and pictures. The instant he touched a subject it began to glow, not only with the steady light of truth, but with the shifting, moving light of his imaginative genius. He was able to compress in a single sentence not only the most profound postulates of philosophy, but the concentrated evidences of all time of their soundness. I can not upon this occasion quote from his writing and speeches. I must content myself with saying that, measured by the standard of effectiveness and purity, his use of the mother tongue has never been surpassed and rarely equaled.

All these attributes of power, and strength, and manliness, however, shrink into trivialities when compared

with his love for humanity and the fixedness of his purpose to do something for his fellow men. His great mind surveyed with intelligence and comprehension the rights and wants of the people, and his big heart drove him on and on to accomplish something in their behalf. He had a fine instinct of justice, and in attempting to secure it for the multitudes of his country he bore upon his own shoulders the burdens which injustice had imposed upon theirs. During the last two years of his life these burdens seemed to grow heavier and heavier, but he bore them manfully, and from an eloquent advocate of civil righteousness he was transformed into an impassioned apostle of reform; and in the flaming torch of his zeal he burned out his life as he led the hosts of his country toward higher and better things. You will look in vain for a better, brighter example of sacrifice for the general welfare and the common good, and so long as men value devotion and are grateful to their deliverers his memory will be enshrined in the affections of mankind.

Of the personal loss which his death inflicted upon me I must not speak at length. During the two years through which we served together in this body the ties of friendship were so strengthened and our association became so close that when he passed away it seemed to me that my own energies were gone. I can say no more.

But of the loss sustained by that little band, so closely united in the struggles of the two sessions, I may with propriety give utterance to the special sorrow which fills and overflows their hearts. We shall miss him as we would have missed no other man. His elemental strength was not only our refuge, but our weapon. His kindliness, so pervading and so persistent, smoothed every path and removed every obstacle. We shall not soon look upon his like.

Death has in a brief period taken many of our number, and we mourn to-day not only the brilliant and courageous DOLLIVER, but the bold and resolute Clay. He, too, had endeared himself to his associates as few men can. Clear and forcible, he was in the forefront of every important debate. His eye was single for the truth, and where the truth led him he was always willing to follow. Nothing could deter him, nothing swerve him from the utterance of his honest convictions, and the sorrow of the people of Georgia in the death of Senator Clay can only be equaled by the grief which was felt in every home in Iowa when JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER crossed the river to receive the reward which the Ruler of the Universe has ordained for the true and the faithful.

ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS

MR. PRESIDENT: As the short session of Congress is drawing to a close, notwithstanding the pressure of public business, we have laid aside this afternoon the regular business of the Senate to pay our last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the dead. Notwithstanding the public business, these hours devoted to memorial addresses on the lives and characters of deceased colleagues are well-spent hours of tribute and respect, which we, who are fortunate enough to be their survivors, should pay those who have gone before.

It seems to me that there have been a greater number of prominent Senators who have passed away since the close of the last session of Congress than during any similar period since I have been a Member of the Senate.

Senator Daniel, one of the most cultivated men in the Senate; Senator Elkins, one of the most popular men among his colleagues; Senator Clay, an able and fearless Senator; Senator McEnery, noted for his independence; Senator Hughes, although here but a short time, noted for his ability as a lawyer—all have passed to the beyond since our last session closed. The death of Senator DOLLIVER, however, came as more of a shock to me than the death of any Senator in recent years. It was one of the most forcible reminders that we have had of the uncertainty of life. When I saw him last he was full of life, vigor, and virile manhood. With his powerful physique, just at the prime of life, when he had the most to live for, assured of a brilliant future, he was the

last man in the Senate that one would associate with the thought of death.

I first knew him as a Member of the House of Representatives. I became more or less intimately acquainted with him soon after he entered the House by frequently meeting him in the committee room of the late Senator Allison. Senator DOLLIVER, I believe, was a protégé of the late Senator Allison, who was one of the most intimate friends with whom I ever served in either House, and one of the most popular and agreeable men of his time in Congress. Senators who were here at the time will remember how much Senator Allison thought of Senator DOLLIVER, how delighted he was to hear him speak in this Chamber, and how proud he seemed to be of him.

I remember when Senator DOLLIVER was first appointed as a Member of the Senate. He then had a national reputation as an orator. He advised with Allison and me as to making speeches in the Senate. Having the old-fashioned traditions of the Senate in mind, we told him that it would be better if he made no speeches here for a year, and as I recollect it now he did not make a speech in the Senate during his first year of service.

He had a most interesting and honorable career. Born in the mountain district of West Virginia, then a part of the State of Virginia, the son of a clergyman of honest but humble New England ancestry, after receiving a liberal education at the University of West Virginia he left his native State and took up his residence in a small town in my State, Sandwich, Ill., and taught a school in that village. Teaching a school was not sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the young man, and he entered upon the study of the law, was admitted to the bar, and settled in Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he lived the balance of his life and where he died. He had the usual struggle, I suppose,

that all young lawyers had in western towns, and which I myself had when I commenced the practice of the law in Springfield, Ill. He never became a great lawyer, as we understand that term here now, but he did become a great orator. Although born in a Democratic State, he was an ardent Republican, and believed in the principles and policies of his party. It was not strange, considering his ability, that he soon became prominent in national campaigns. I would not consider it an exaggeration to say that at the time of his death he was among the three or four most eloquent campaign speakers in America.

At the age of 31, in 1888, he became a Member of Congress, and continued as such until his death. In 1900 he succeeded my friend the late Senator Gear, one of the pioneer statesmen of the West, as a Member of this Senate. His service as a Member of Congress was long and distinguished. He was a prominent member of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House and was one of the framers and supporters of the Dingley law. He was then an advocate of a high protective tariff. It was not, however, his prominence as a Member of the House that resulted in his elevation to the Senate. It was his prominence as a candidate for Vice President in 1900 that induced Gov. Shaw to appoint him to succeed Senator Gear, and finally resulted in his election for a full term by the Legislature of Iowa. I have often thought of the strangeness of destiny when I think of the life of the Senator we are eulogizing this afternoon. Is it true, after all, that there is some great overruling Providence which guides the destinies of nations and men? Singular it is that the two men in this country who came nearest to the Presidency and who did not succeed were Allison and DOLLIVER. Allison was the logical nominee in the Chicago Republican convention in 1888, and was defeated on account of the eastern opposition to the agrarian element,

and DOLLIVER would have been our candidate for Vice President in 1900 and would have succeeded McKinley, and probably would have been the regular nominee in 1904, had not Senator Platt, for reasons of his own, forced the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt. It seemed to be predestined that Theodore Roosevelt should become President of the United States and one of the great characters of his day and that Mr. DOLLIVER should enter the Senate.

His reputation was probably made as a Member of the House. An honorable, able, dignified Senator he was, but oratory is not appreciated here as it is in the House. An ambitious man would have a much better chance of reaching the Presidency from the House, from the governorship of a great State, or even from private life, than he would have from the Senate. It is true that Harrison was elected from the Senate and that Garfield was a Senator-elect, but Harrison's nomination came about from a combination of circumstances needless for me to relate here, and Garfield's reputation as a Member of the House and an orator brought about his nomination in Chicago. Thinking of Garfield reminds me that there was much resemblance between Garfield and DOLLIVER. If I were to compare DOLLIVER with any American statesman, I would say that he more nearly resembled Garfield than he did any statesman of my time, although he had far more wit, combined with eloquence, than did Garfield.

Oratory is a gift of nature. The Senator from Iowa possessed that gift in a marked degree, but added to that he was a prodigious worker. When I first knew him I thought he was inclined to be indolent and that his speeches came from his wit and his marvelous command of language, but I later learned that the ideas, the thought, the arrangement, the form, and style were the result of the hardest kind of work, and that he never

attempted to speak without preparation and prepared his speeches with the greatest care.

He changed his position radically on the tariff and other legislation after he entered this body, and especially after the death of the late Senator Allison. I have always been what might be termed an old-line Republican and have always supported the policies of my party. Senator DOLLIVER seemed to have the same view until the time of the consideration and passage of the Payne Tariff Act. While we differed on that legislation and he became what we term now an Insurgent or Progressive, yet we remained warm personal friends. We were neighbors. I liked and admired him and had no less respect and liking for him when he joined the opposition to the Payne Act. I realized that he was following what then seemed to be the sentiment of the people of Iowa. I do not consider it a disparagement of him to say that he was not a leader. He watched to see the sentiment of his people, just as McKinley, Blaine, and other popular American statesmen did, and when he thought he knew their real sentiment he followed them.

Every successful public man must generally follow public sentiment, at least to a certain degree, if he expects to remain in public life.

Mr. President, I pay this tribute of love and reverence to the memory of one whom I for years regarded as a devoted friend and in whose death the Nation lost one of its most brilliant and patriotic statesmen.

ADDRESS OF MR. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: I have not the strength—I do not feel able to say much on this occasion. It is a sad one for all of us, and peculiarly sad to me, for since I was borne from this city last March, to all intents and purposes and the expectations of myself and my friends, a dead man, or one who would never return, and then find that I am here still, I feel the transitory nature of human life. We are as shadows who pursue one another, and soon there is an end.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The high places we have achieved here are but a step to the last resting place. All this I feel very deeply. But I would be unjust—recreant to myself—if I did not try to put a flower on each of these newly made graves.

Since I went away death has cut a wide swath in the Senate. Six of our fellows have taken that journey—

From whose bourn no traveler returns.

I feel death is even now peeping at us around this Chamber somewhere and selecting the next to summon.

I loved these two men. They were worthy of my love. They were worthy of the admiration that we all felt for them. No two Senators who have ever been here have been more faithful to duty or endeavored more thoroughly and completely to discharge it as they understood it. I say that not because I want to pay them a compli-

ment. Such is not my purpose. I simply want to tell the truth.

DOLLIVER, as we all called him, was a great man. Great men are plentiful in this country, but not as great as DOLLIVER. Good men are plentiful in this country, but not as good as Clay. They both have left us, and we know not how soon our own time may come. I feel that with especial force. But—but, I can not go on, Mr. President. I have thoughts, but the words will not come. So I will sit down.

ADDRESS OF MR. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA

MR. PRESIDENT: What can I say of JONATHAN DOLLIVER? What tribute can any man pay to this great soldier of the common good which the grateful heart of a mighty Nation has not already paid more abundantly?

And why has a whole people with uncovered heads laid upon the grave of JONATHAN DOLLIVER that tribute of mingled grief and gratitude which they seldom give to any man and reserve only for their rare beloved who have fought and fallen in the people's service?

It is not because of his brilliant abilities, whose splendor has so often illuminated this Chamber and reached beyond its walls to the confines of the Republic. It is not because his great-heartedness claimed the affection of all who came within the radiance of its charm. It is not because his kindly humor threw over all he said and did a mellow geniality more compelling than those sterner and more acrid methods which many powerful men employ.

No! The American people have enshrined JONATHAN DOLLIVER in the temple of their regard because he gave, to the uttermost, all his noble and peculiar powers in the service of his countrymen, and, with an abandonment of devotion to their cause, threw the elemental force of his extraordinary gifts against the people's enemies.

For JONATHAN DOLLIVER gave himself, a living sacrifice, to the cause of human advance as much as Winkelreid in his Swiss mountains or Warren at Bunker Hill. He

fell in battle for the people as surely and as really as any uniformed soldier ever fell stricken on the field of armed conflict.

While from the beginning his career was notable, it was the last two years of his life that gave JONATHAN DOLLIVER his exalted place in the esteem of the masses of his fellow citizens from ocean to ocean.

It was during these last two years that the personal relations of Senator DOLLIVER and myself grew to an intimacy of friendship which was and is one of the most uplifting and strengthening influences of my life, as it is and always will be one of the fondest and most cherished memories which I shall carry to life's end.

During these two years there was scarcely a day that we did not spend an hour or more together. Seldom did an evening pass that we did not meet at his home or mine for a little period of companionship and talk. Almost every day we walked from our neighboring homes to the Senate and back again in the evening.

A remark of Senator DOLLIVER's on one of these morning walks threw a flashlight upon that flowering out of his genius during this period which engaged the attention of all of us here, of the country at large, and indeed of the English-speaking world.

We had stopped while DOLLIVER talked a few minutes with an old gray-haired negro. It was his custom to do just such human things. As we continued our walk I said to him:

The country always recognized your intellect and eloquence, but the country did not give you its confidence in the same degree that it gave you its admiration. You have grown more in the last 12 months in the people's trust and faith than during your whole public life.

DOLLIVER stopped, and, taking off his hat, passed his hand over his brow in that characteristic gesture all of us so well remember, and said:

Yes; I think that is so. And why is it so? It is because for the first time in my life I have determined to be intellectually free. That old, gray-haired negro to whom we were talking a moment ago was not so much emancipated physically 50 years ago as I have been emancipated intellectually within the last year and a half.

He had determined to be free. So, like another Samson, he broke the withes that bound his mind and heart and stood forth an unshackled giant, acknowledging no master but truth and his conscience.

The full meaning of this is best set forth in his career. A strange accident gave me the opportunity of hearing JONATHAN DOLLIVER'S first notable public speech—a speech whose every word was so tipped with the fire of genius that in a day it made him a notable figure in contemporaneous American politics.

This speech was delivered as chairman of the Republican State Convention of Iowa in 1881. I was then a college student and was spending my junior vacation in Des Moines, Iowa, at the head of a large number of other students who were selling books in that State. I went to that convention, and standing on the outskirts of the crowd, which occupied every inch of space back of where the delegates were seated, listened in wonder to this amazing address.

After that speech of course it was inevitable that DOLLIVER should enter national public life. Those were the days of an intense and bigoted partisanship, inherited from the passions which the Civil War set flaming. Also, real and vital issues divided the American people into hostile political camps of opposing convictions which

were as sincerely genuine as they were clearly marked. The period had not yet come when these fundamental issues had been settled. Partisanship was then a living thing, representing crystallized opinion based on reason, although superheated by the feelings of our fratricidal conflict.

So it was natural and inevitable that JONATHAN DOLLIVER, like all the rest of us, should be ultrapartisan. And like the rest of us, when those conditions passed away, when new and real issues had risen and in their turn been settled, and when no genuine issues longer separated thinking and patriotic citizens, the thrall of partisanship still chained him, as it did all of us, to party name and party organization.

But, as always has been and will be the case, when the real issues that create or continue parties have passed away, instead of the organization remaining the instrument of the party and the party name the political designation of citizens who belong to it, parties tend to become the servants of party organizations and party names an influence to compel the millions of party voters to accept anything that so-called party managers might decide on, no matter whether right or wrong.

Instead of the millions of voters who make up the party issuing their orders to party managers, it comes about that the latter issue their orders to the millions of voters who make up the party.

Thus the curious result occurs of measures being passed bearing bipartisan complexion, while, strangely enough, at the very time party managers shout more loudly than ever obsolete party catch words, demand unquestioning party regularity—meaning obedience to the ukase of self-appointed party managers instead of obedience to the desires and needs of millions of voters,

with conscience alert, reason vigorous, and facts established.

To this more and more grudgingly JONATHAN DOLLIVER yielded his assent, with ever-increasing reluctance. Finally the time came when he could yield to it no longer.

He felt that this tendency inevitably must result to the injury of the people and to the impairment of parties. Ultimately came a crisis when with all the force of his powerful nature he believed that injury actually was being worked to the people under these conditions.

And so he felt it his duty to return himself and bring all men with him back to the true theory of political parties, which is that political parties are the millions of voters who compose them, and that the supreme court of party policy sits at the firesides of the Nation.

This meant, of course, the service of the whole people in its purest form. It meant that a political party ought to gather its strength solely from things it does for the welfare of the millions.

This position, of course, was as old as the theory of free government, yet as new as the fresh necessities of the people which each day's rising sun looks down upon. In a different forum JONATHAN DOLLIVER therefore stood for the same fundamental things for which Washington fought from White Plains to Yorktown, and for which Lincoln planned and labored for four heroic and immortal years.

This outburst of a conviction on DOLLIVER's part surprised many. It resembled the fierce temper of the Scotch Covenanters, the militant resolve of Cromwell's Ironsides. It was as remorseless as a storm, yet steady as the Gulf Stream. Always, to the very end, it blazed with increasing brightness and power as of the sun rising to its zenith. And, indeed, it was at its zenith that that

great light went out—went out so far as his physical personality, living brain, and throbbing heart projected it, but not in its influence over this great people.

And yet it was not strange that at the period which God had appointed there awoke in JONATHAN DOLLIVER's soul the spirit of his West Virginia mountaineer, circuit-riding, abolitionist, preacher father. Blood tells, and the blood of a hero and martyr flowed in the veins of JONATHAN DOLLIVER unsuspected by those who gauged his character from his gift of wit and almost boyish love of fun. But the hero-martyr blood was there.

Had he lived in the fifties he would have been another Wendell Phillips, only more human and therefore more powerful. Had he lived in pre-Revolutionary times, he would have been another Patrick Henry, only broader minded, more kindly, and therefore more influential. Had he been an Englishman at the time of Lord North, he would have been another Burke, only more pointed, more pungent, and therefore more effective. Had he been a Frenchman in the period of France's epochal upheaval, he would have been another Mirabeau, only with a greater blood sympathy with the common people from whom he sprang, and therefore with a wider potentiality for good.

I think that all who knew or heard DOLLIVER will admit that these comparisons are not extravagant. For, when he died, he was beyond any possible doubt the greatest orator in the contemporaneous English-speaking world. In the compelling art of oratory which has swayed the hearts of men and influenced the destinies of people from the beginning of time until now, and which grows more effective as the intelligence of those addressed increases, nature made JONATHAN DOLLIVER a master; and to the mastery of this art which nature gave him he added the finished technique of decades of cultivation.

And so with these endowments he answered the high call which had come to other gifted men in like periods of human history. He put his hand upon the shoulder of his country, which he believed was being lulled into a neglect of its own interests, and rousing it from this creeping lethargy turned its comprehending eyes once more to the sacred fires burning on the altar of those ideals which established the Republic and which alone can preserve it.

I said that he fell in battle for the people as truly as any soldier ever killed upon the fields of war. His family and close friends feared what they now sadly but proudly know, that his extraordinary output of mental and physical energy in the people's cause during those last two years hastened his untimely death. But for that he might have lived for many years.

The work he did during the tariff session drew heavily on his physical powers. Many times during that historic session JONATHAN DOLLIVER worked all night and then next day debated through long, exhausting hours. And during the months that followed, when he should have been replenishing his physical resources, he was compelled to give out more and more from the already diminished reservoirs of his power.

Who that heard it ever will forget his last speech in this body shortly before adjournment at the last session? He spoke as one inspired. He laid down fundamental principles of statesmanship and public conduct. There are parts of that speech which can be compared only to Edmund Burke's immortal address to the electors of Bristol. But it is needless to recount either to his colleagues here or to his countrymen the details of those last two years of righteous effort and of enduring glory. The Senate and the country know them.

ADDRESS OF MR. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA

JONATHAN DOLLIVER in the flesh is gone from us; but with us and with the whole American people abides his spirit. Before us and before our successors will stand his inspiring example. Not so much do we do a duty to-day in celebrating the memory of a great statesman as we exercise a proud privilege in paying tribute to our personal friend and brother and to the people's fearless, resistless soldier of their common good.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAPP, OF MINNESOTA

MR. PRESIDENT: In paying my feeble but heartfelt tribute to the memory of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, it seems to me it is a plain duty resting upon me to place in the records of this body his concept of that impending struggle at the threshold of which he fell, and wherein he displayed such splendid courage and resplendent abilities. He realized, as every student of the great forces which make for history must realize, that in the evolution of free government there are bound to be two great decisive struggles, linked together in the indissoluble chain of sequence.

The first of these struggles was, of course, that one which finally found fruition in the establishment of free government. No one can study the character of that spirit of power and dominion which sought to block at every step man's progress toward free government, which sullenly retreated, step by step, before the advance of human progress, without realizing that that same spirit of power and dominion would attempt to regain, in a measure, in its control of the spirit of free institutions the political power which it had lost in their establishment. The long story of oppression written on the page of history by this spirit of power and dominion betrays a character loth to yield. On the other hand, no one can study the character of that spirit which inspired man in his long, toilsome journey to the goal of free government, that spirit of sacrifice which sustained him in the struggle, without realizing that it will be slow to yield in the spirit of free institutions that which it seemed to gain in their establishment. In other words, he realized that we stand face to face with the question, more plainly stated, of

whether that spirit of dominion and power within the peaceful sphere of industrial and commercial life, recast to meet that sphere as a spirit of commercialism, should dominate the spirit of institution, or whether free government, regulating and controlling that spirit as a developing force in its industrial and commercial life, should make that spirit and force the servant of free government instead of its master.

Senator DOLLIVER saw this impending struggle with a clear vision. He could see it cast its portentous shadow across the pathway of American progress. I have thus briefly and imperfectly outlined what, had he lived, would some day have been the theme of a presentation at his hands, which, recognizing his marvelous powers and his keen concept of the subject, would have ranked as one of the world's great orations.

I now turn to his relations to this struggle, which relation was, by his untimely death, terminated at its very threshold. Possessed of rare and unusual powers as an orator, of genial personality, of a broad grasp of fundamental principles, of an earnest loyalty to what he recognized as the instrumentality in the solution of public questions, he early became prominently and closely identified with the party which, from his standpoint, most strongly appealed to him. His service to his party in the advocacy of its claim to popular approval, as well as his participation in molding its policies, coupled with a personality that drew men to him and drew him to men, brought him in close association with that somewhat vague and undefined but generally recognized force called party leadership. By nature a champion of the cause of the people, he threw himself into his work with ardor and enthusiasm. He was a great potentiality in that series of legislative policies which from 1901 to 1909 left those years historical in the evolution of the effort

of the American people, by regulation and control, to subordinate commercialism to the common interest. During those years he rejoiced in what he felt to be not only the triumph of his party, but the triumph of the cause of free government, and found pleasure in the association in which this work was being done.

Less than two years before his death he discovered what at first seemed to be an abatement of enthusiasm on the part of some with whom he had been associated in the great work of establishing the mastery of this Government over every agency which develops under its protection. This was something of a shock to him, but slowly and irresistibly the truth was forced into his consciousness that not only was there an abatement of that purpose for which he and those with whom he had been associated had labored, but that the spirit of commercialism had resolved to wrest from the people all that it could of what the people had won in the preceding years. He realized that he now stood at a point where he must abandon that for which he had labored or be abandoned by many of those with whom he had labored. Shocked as he was at the discovery of this condition, he never hesitated for a moment as to which alternative he would choose. He had been a potentiality in what had seemed to be the triumph of the real spirit of free government, which, in its last analysis, if it is to be free government, must hold in control and regulation the great forces which energy and ambition develop under its fostering care, because he had thoroughly believed in that; and, when this alternative presented itself, without a moment's hesitation he pressed forward with renewed vigor.

At this point it seemed to many, who had not known of his earnest purpose and deep sympathy with the cause of industrial freedom, that there came an awakening,

but it was such an awakening as comes to a man who is pressing forward to a given goal and suddenly discovers obstacles which had not before been apparent. There was no change in his purpose, in his concept of duty, except that he realized, with clearer vision than he had ever realized before, the masterful spirit, the inordinate love of power, the dogged insistence never to yield, of that force which is seeking to reestablish in the activities fostered by free government that political dominion which it had lost after centuries of struggle, and realized that the challenge meant his own emancipation. He now realized with keener concept than ever before that there could be no truce until the supremacy of free institutions were as firmly established in the peaceful field of their activities as they had been established in that more tempestuous field wherein the spirit of liberty had delivered free government from the womb of ages. This, then, was what seemed to be the awakening, and I have given this analysis because some day the historian will record the story of this struggle, and there should be in the records of this body the statement of one who knew the very deepest heart throbs of the man whose name will be forever associated with the struggle.

He seemed also to develop new and marvelous powers, yet they, too, were but a part of that reserve force which seemed ever present when putting forth his greatest effort as when engaged in a less important debate. He felt the bitter shafts of ingratitude and his great noble nature felt the pain of the wound, but this no more deterred him than did the thought of separation, and, clad in the panoply of truth, invulnerable as that magic shield which Merlin, the enchanter, wrought, he pressed forward like "knight of old;" with generous sympathy, to do battle for the weak; with courageous heart, to meet in battle the strong.

At this point Senator DOLLIVER began to realize that in the impending struggle, if the true spirit of free institutions is to prevail, maintain, and master the forces developed under its ægis, that equation of citizenship which we call the composite citizen, in which equation must ever rest the best, the truest, and the broadest recognition of equality, must be brought into more direct relation as a more direct factor in shaping and molding the policies of government. He again realized that it was only in the more direct application of this force that representative government would be responsive government.

When he fell in the early dawn of the struggle the people realized that a great champion had been stricken, and with tremulous voice asked when and whence will come his successor. That inquiry remains unanswered. Men combining the great traits which rendered him so conspicuous are rare indeed, and I must digress here for a moment to point out that rarest of all combinations, an intuitive grasp of fundamentals and a mastery of details, both which traits he possessed to such a marked degree. They are rarely combined, but when they are combined they produce a great and masterful mind.

While we may not find his successor, we must remember that "the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church." Though cast in heroic mold of body as well as mind, his physical strength proved unequal to the task. Worn out and exhausted with his work he fell, and when he was stricken, after that last great effort which was a warning to his countrymen, those for whom he had struggled, realizing that he had fallen in their cause, in their grief and sorrow they too awoke to a deeper sense of the impending conflict and to a firmer determination to preserve their industrial and commercial liberties. And so, while we mourn his departure and deplore his loss,

we realize that, like all who have died for a cause, he did not die in vain.

Back of every picture lies a background, and grand and heroic as is the picture of DOLLIVER's public life, there is an instructive, glorious, and luminous background, and with reverent hand—for it should never be done but with reverent hand—I part the curtain to contemplate what lies mirrored back of his public service. Born of a parentage that gave to him his wonderful mental powers, his broad and intuitive grasp of fundamentals, his keen appreciation of the right, all merged into a religious faith simple as that of a child, as real to him as his earthly existence. In his home, despite the demands upon his time in his public service, he was not only loved and adored by his children, but he, in turn, loved and adored, and he found companionship in them, and that Saturday night when the news of his death came, amid the grief of that hour the thought came to me that the little boy, whom he so loved and idolized, would grow to manhood and hear of his father's fame, but could never know that companionship which would have been a joy to both.

Senator DOLLIVER, like all truly great men, recognizing that however keen a man's perception of right and wrong might be, a true woman's perception was keener yet, and in his great, generous nature he recognized the woman at his side as an inspiration. Like all truly great men he recognized that however strong of arm and courageous the heart of man, there is a more enduring strength, a more sublime courage, in the nature of a true woman, and, again, in his generous nature, he recognized his obligations to the woman at his side for this added strength, this greater courage. Small wonder, then, that a man thus equipped by nature and thus environed should be willing to sacrifice his life in humanity's cause.

ADDRESS OF MR. LA FOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN

MR. PRESIDENT: I saw him first nearly a quarter of a century ago, mounted on a table, addressing the crowd of delegates that thronged the headquarters of a presidential candidate at a national convention. I see his commanding figure as plainly now as then, and again I hear his animated and stirring appeal, his eloquent periods, his flashing wit. It was young DOLLIVER, of Iowa, pleading with visiting delegates to nominate Allison as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. For several days before the balloting began this remarkable young orator made the Iowa headquarters the center of interest when the convention was not in session.

That same year he was elected a Member of the Fifty-first Congress and entered upon his brilliant public career. His delightful personality, his rare talents, won him strong friends and high rank at once. I was then a Member of the House, and we became friends. At the close of that Congress he was returned to the House. I was defeated, and returned to my State. He came to the Senate, and our ways lay apart for some 16 years. The difference of environment and experience separated us somewhat in our opinions as to men and measures. Both of us carried our convictions to the public platform, covering the same States and often addressing the same audiences. While each recognized the differences of those years, our friendship was unbroken, and a brief service here in this body brought us into perfect agreement on public questions and knit closer the ties of that friendship which I shall cherish while I live.

When Senator DOLLIVER entered public life, and for many years thereafter, party feeling was very strong. Issues, the offshoot of those which had riven this country with civil strife, still swayed political conventions and found prominence in political platforms. The life here, to the prejudice of the highest public service, does much to furnish artificial stimulus to party regularity. None of us wholly escape its influence.

But, sir, as the years unfolded, as evil fostered in privilege grew strong and bold, its aggression roused the giant strength reposing in this man of power. He was no longer simply the polished orator, charming with eloquence and epigram, but a new being in the grip of a mighty conviction, armed with the truth, against which organized wrong, unable to stand, broke and fled in consternation.

Who that heard him in the debates of 1909 and 1910 can ever forget? He seemed to have brought back to us something of the greatness of the Senate of other days. The impression upon the country was scarcely less profound. His power was felt in every commercial center and by every fireside in the Nation. His scathing denunciation of the "brutal tyranny of great interests" seared like a hot iron those whom he charged with "capitalizing the schedules of our tariffs." His prophecy of the "good time coming, when this people shall so frame their statutes as to protect alike the enterprises of the rich and poor in the greatest market place which God has given to His children," strengthened the hope of democracy and the resolution of good men and women in every home throughout the land.

The generations had been preparing him for his work. By ancestry, endowment, training, he had been made ready to challenge wrong and oppression.

It was not alone his eloquence, the purity and rhythm of his diction, the fine touches of vivid imagination, the dazzling play of his nimble wit, but over and above all was the everlasting righteousness of his cause, the appeal for human rights that will not be denied—God's eternal justice, the fundamental law of social life.

He was cast in a heroic mold—a giant with the tenderness of a little child. His powerful blows leveled against wrong made him a host in the present struggle for political justice. His was a philosophic spirit. He held no grudges, harbored no animosities. His opponents feared and respected him. His comrades loved him as a brother.

Anything which we may say here to-day can but imperfectly suggest the beauty and symmetry and power of this remarkable character. When loving hands shall give his addresses and writings to his country, they will best portray the life and services of JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER.

He set the mark of his genius upon everything he touched.

Out of the libraries which have been written on Lincoln, where will be found anything superior to these words, which brought all his hearers cheering to their feet when they fell from the lips of DOLLIVER:

Who is this, sitting all night long on a lounge in the public offices of the White House, listening, with the comments of a quaint humor, to privates and officers and scared Congressmen and citizens who poured across the Long Bridge from the first battlefield of the rebellion to tell their tale of woe to the only man in Washington who had sense enough left to appreciate it or patience enough left to listen to it? Is it the log-cabin student, learning to read and write by the light of the kitchen fire in the woods of Indiana? It is he. Can it be the adventurous voyager of the Mississippi, who gets ideas of lifting vessels over riffles while he worked his frail craft clear of obstructions in the

stream, and ideas broad as the free skies, of helping nations out of barbarism as he traced the divine image in the faces of men and women chained together, under the hammer, in the slave market at New Orleans? It is he. Can it be the awkward farm hand of the Sangamon who covered his bare feet in the fresh dirt which his plow had turned up to keep them from getting sunburned while he sat down at the end of the furrow to rest his team and to regale himself with a few more pages of worn volumes borrowed from the neighbors? It is he. Can it be the country lawyer who rode on horseback from county to county with nothing in his saddlebags except a clean shirt and the Code of Illinois, to try his cases and to air his views in the cheerful company which always gathered about the courthouse? It is he. Is it the daring debater, blazing out for a moment with the momentous warning, "A house divided against itself can not stand," then falling back within the defenses of the Constitution, that the cause of liberty, hindered already by the folly of its friends, might not make itself an outlaw in the land? It is he. Is it the weary traveler who begged the prayers of anxious neighbors as he set out for the last time from home, and talked in language sad and mystical of One who could go with him and remain with them and be everywhere for good? It is he.

They said he laughed in a weird way that night on the sofa in the public offices of the White House, and they told funny tales about how he looked, and the comic papers of London and New York portrayed him in brutal pictures of his big hands; hands that were about to be stretched out to save the civilization of the world; and his overgrown feet; feet that for four torn and bleeding years were not to weary in the service of mankind. They said that his clothes did not fit him; that he stretched his long legs in ungainly postures; that he was common and uncouth in his appearance. Some said that this being a backwoodsman was becoming a rather questionable recommendation for a President of the United States; and they recalled with satisfaction the grace of courtly manners brought home from St. James. Little did they dream that the rude cabin yonder on the edge of the hill country of Kentucky was about to be transformed by the tender imagination of the people into a mansion more stately than the White House; more royal than all the palaces of the earth; it did not shelter the childhood of a king, but there is one thing in this world more royal than a king—it is a man. (Extract from ad-

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

dress of Hon. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, delivered at the annual Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club of the city of New York, Feb. 13, 1905.)

It is very hard to be reconciled to the loss which the country and the cause of human rights sustained when he was summoned. We can not understand. We can only bow in submission, grateful that God spared him to do the work which rounded out his great career and gave his enduring name to the plain people of America.

He had climbed to the summit of the mountain. His vision swept the wide horizon. He was ready for the highest service which man can render unto men.

And then, almost without warning, came the mandate:

Be ye ready; the summons cometh quickly.

And in the twinkling of an eye the impenetrable shadow fell about him, and he was gone.

We look for him in vain. We cry aloud, but death makes no answer to the living. We can not know whether our cry is heard. Baffled, we can only blindly call across the tomb to our beloved companion: Hail, hail, and farewell!

ADDRESS OF MR. GORE, OF OKLAHOMA

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not rise to pay either an adequate or a studied eulogy to our late friend, our lamented colleague and associate. I do not rise to lift up a splendid monument to his memory. I come to plant a flower upon his grave and to pay a loving tribute to his services and to his character.

We do honor to ourselves in the observance of this ancient custom of the Senate. Mr. President, even the savages of the wildwood held in affectionate remembrance those warriors who were loved in life and lamented in death. How much the more fitting then that we who are heirs to all the ages should commemorate the deeds of those mighty dead whose spirits still rule us from their sacred urn. How much the more fitting that we should commemorate the services of those who have bequeathed to us a legacy of glory that can not fail so long as public and private virtues are revered among the sons of men.

In every time and in every clime the undying dead have risen and have lived again. Some have lived again in the beaten brass and in the sculptured marble. Some have lived again in story and in song. But, sir, these fleeting tributes may pass with their authors to the oblivious tomb. The beaten brass may buried lie beneath the accumulated dust of ages. Even the marble may molder and surrender its epitaph to the unfiring tooth of time. All these tributes, all these memorials, await alike the inevitable hour. They pursue those paths that

lead but to the grave. The best and the brightest monument which we can dedicate to our friends that are gone, the holiest shrine that we can consecrate to our departed patriots, must be found in the hearts and in the memories of their countrymen.

Mr. President, the pyramids still stand, but the names of their royal builders have hardly escaped forgetfulness, and are now remembered rather for the oppression and the miseries that they wrought. Scholars may dispute as to the tomb of Mary's Son, but no one will be found to deny the beneficence of His influence and His example.

The fame and the name of DOLLIVER are secure. He won his way to the exalted station which he occupied and which he adorned. He was born of unpretentious parents in a modest home in Virginia. The modest American home has ever been and must ever be the nursery of true genius and of true greatness. His opportunities were limited, but his ambition was unconfined; not that "ambition which overleaps itself," but, sir, that ambition which seeks no other outlet than service and seeks no other reward than merited honor.

Nature dealt generously with our lamented friend and he was grateful unto her. She gave him more than ten talents and he increased his talents more than twofold. He was both brilliant and versatile; but, sir, he added depth to versatility, and he added weight to brilliancy. By talent and ambition not alone did he succeed. Men have been possessed of both, yet wanting untiring industry, have failed. Men have wanted both, yet possessing an energy that did not falter, have achieved and have deserved success. Unflinching effort and ungrudging self-sacrifice go far to make up the price of his success.

The best possession of a free people is their men of high character and unspotted integrity. The best heri-

tage of a free people is the influence and the memory of such men.

The lesson of DOLLIVER's life is this, that in his youth the time had not come, and that the time has not yet come, when every gate is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys. Worth was the key whereby he did advance. We have in this country a democracy of worth instead of an aristocracy of birth. Much of the glory of our institutions, much of the glory of our history, is due to the fact that American society can avail itself of the best talents born beneath our flag.

Access to opportunity explains much of our history. Whatever glory we may achieve in the future, access to opportunity must in great measure account for its achievement.

Any system should be unrelentingly resisted that would cheat talent of opportunity or cheat society of talent.

In the example of Senator DOLLIVER every youth may see the star of hope, and in his achievements may perceive the bow of promise.

Mr. President, there is one striking resemblance in the public services of Senator DOLLIVER to the public services of the great English prime minister, Mr. Gladstone began his political career as a high Tory, as a conservative of conservatives. He closed his long and illustrious life as the chosen and acknowledged leader of the liberal sentiment of the United Kingdom. The liberality of DOLLIVER was rational, was temperate, was judicious. He assailed nothing old merely on account of its antiquity; he accepted nothing new merely on account of its novelty. He accepted the good notwithstanding its age, and he likewise accepted the good notwithstanding its youth.

I believe that no man in American public life had a keener appreciation of the tendency of the times. He looked as deeply as any man into the secret causes which

are to-day responsible for the currents and countercurrents that are agitating public life in America.

I have sometimes thought that while he united ethics to politics, he allowed the moral side to preside and to predominate over political considerations, and I have also thought that during the last session sometimes the shadow of the coming event was falling across his way, and that the light of another world was even then breaking upon his vision.

DOLLIVER loved his fellow men, and he was loved by them in return. He was just. He neither hated nor flattered the rich on account of their riches, nor patronized the poor on account of their numbers. He could not be lured from the path of duty by the blandishments of wealth nor driven from that straight and narrow way by the mutterings of the mob. Unlike the time server, he did not hover about the heels of progress, nor did he, like the revolutionist, outrun the vanguard of rational reform and of enlightened advancement. He held the scales of justice with even hand. He was both just and generous; but, sir, he deemed it better to be just than to be generous.

It has been said that republics are ungrateful. I have never been willing to own that harsh impeachment. I believe the people are wise to know and generous to reward their friends. I believe the example of DOLLIVER demonstrates that the people are willing to render honor where honor is due. In his life and in his death he enjoyed the affectionate confidence of the American people, and the desponding statesman may well look upon his fate and his destiny and be of good cheer.

Mr. President, if usefulness were a safeguard against the last dread summons, DOLLIVER had survived. His country needed his services, the Senate could not spare so useful a Member; the Republic could not spare so use-

ful a public servant. Progress lost an apostle, freedom lost a friend, liberty lost a lover when DOLLIVER died.

He was a champion of the right; he was a challenger of the wrong. No more have we his presence, his eloquence, and his counsel among us; but we have the best of all heritages, his influence and his example. I feel sure that his life will constitute an example that will prove an inspiration to every youth who to-day is putting on the tender leaves of hope; it will prove at once an assurance and a warning to all those who to-day bear their blushing honors full thick upon them; and his example will prove a consolation to all those who still linger in the sere and yellow leaf. All those who are now in the sunset of life may see in his example those stars that are invisible by day.

Well, Mr. President, may we cherish his memory, for, taking him all in all, we shall too rarely look upon his like again.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

MR. PRESIDENT: When I was honored by being requested to say a few words on this occasion I hesitated to accept the invitation because I felt that there were those of my colleagues in this Chamber who, from a more intimate acquaintance with the late Senator JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER and from long association with him, both socially and politically, were better qualified than I to speak of his many excellent qualities of head and heart. But knowing him slightly, as compared with others here, I had learned to love and admire him, and, yielding to none in my veneration to his memory, I did not feel that I could with propriety decline to say a few words in commemoration of his distinguished services to his country in whatever capacity he was called upon to act.

My acquaintance with him began during the presidential campaign in 1904, and after that I saw much of him, particularly during my service in this body and as a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, of which he was chairman. Here I came into intimate touch with him socially and officially and had many opportunities to observe his methods of getting at the merit of things affecting the public. He was one of the most remarkable men from every point of view it has ever been my pleasure to meet, and I have sometimes wondered where he found opportunity, in the multitude of his official as well as private engagements, to make of his mind such a storehouse for all the learning that goes to make the polished orator and the finished statesman.

That he was an orator with few, if any, equals in this day and generation, is recognized throughout the length

and breadth of the land. Whenever and wherever he arose to address an audience, whether on the rostrum or in a legislative body, he was sure to command the respectful and undivided attention of his audience; and it was the subject of general remark among us here that he was one of the very few members of the Senate who was always able to command the attention both of his colleagues and of the galleries, and this whether those who listened to him agreed with him or radically and essentially differed from him in the opinions he held and in the views he expressed. The previous announcement that Senator DOLLIVER was to address the Senate at a given time, upon any subject, was sure to bring around him his colleagues and insure him the respectful attention of all who heard him.

Not only was he an orator, but his strongest political opponents freely accord to him the elements of the highest statesmanship. In the earlier days of his public career I think it may be truly said that he was rather of the conservative type of statesman, sometimes following—as I have heard him say—those who had been designated as the leaders of his party even into paths where his better judgment disapproved; but in later years he showed a spirit of independence, which not only placed him in opposition to those with whom he had been wont to work in harmony, but placed him in the front rank of the leaders of a progressive Republicanism. Knowing him as I did, I am unwilling to believe the suggestion that has sometimes been made against him, as it has been made against other strong progressive leaders of his party, that he and they were actuated rather by a desire to win the plaudits of the multitude than to voice the sentiments which came from the promptings of the heart and conscience. On the contrary, I am satisfied that as he grew older and his line of vision extended he

felt more independent, and, realizing his ability, grew restive under the restraints of partisan leadership. Shortly before the last address he delivered in this distinguished body he told me that he felt more independent than he had in the earlier days of his public career, and was sure that in the exercise of that independence which he intended should characterize his future conduct he could serve his country best and surely better satisfy his own conscience.

Yet notwithstanding this I am satisfied that in measurably separating himself from those with whom he had been wont to work in perfect harmony he experienced that regret which all good men naturally experience when there comes a parting of the ways for those who for a lifetime have served side by side, burying differences which were nonessential for the purpose of united action on those things which were essential from the party standpoint. As evidence of this I have but to call attention to that last splendid address delivered by him on the floor of this Senate. His motives had been impugned by a portion of his party press and by some of his old associates because he had allied himself with the progressive element of his party. I thought that there was a tone of sorrow in his voice as he dwelt upon the sundering of the older ties, but he nevertheless fearlessly outlined his policy and purposes and masterfully analyzed his own position and that of those who had criticized him so severely.

When—

He exclaimed—

it is said that I betray my party, that I fight against the Republican Party, I deny it. I fight for the Republican Party and propose, with millions of other people, to do what I can to make

it more than ever the servant of the great constituency which it has represented for so many years.

I am aware that when one sits down to count the cost of such a struggle as I have outlined, he ought to take into consideration the fact that his motives are likely to be misconstrued; his purposes, however pure they may be, are likely to be disparaged; but such things as those have never injured anybody's standing in society, unless they were acquiesced in by those who were most concerned.

And, again, in speaking of his differences with the distinguished President of the United States, he said:

When he was mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency, I did what I could in my own State and everywhere else to promote his ambition. When he was nominated, I gave up my time, far past the limit of my strength, in presenting his case before the American people from one ocean to the other. When he entered this Chamber to take the oath of office, and the multitude arose with bowed head, every thought went out of my head, every sentiment out of my heart, except that the new President might be endued with power from on high to grapple with the corrupt influences that stood ready to recapture the strongholds of this Government, and that he might succeed, even where strong men had failed, in protecting this market place against the conspiracies of greed and avarice which have attempted to enslave it.

I have known some of the vicissitudes of life, some of the ups and downs of politics, some of the hardship as well as the good fortune of this world, but I never dreamed that within less than a year I should feel compelled to stand here and for the misdemeanor of taking the President's campaign speeches seriously, and for the still higher crime of regarding the platform of the Republican Party as a binding moral obligation, be called on to defend myself and the little group of men, who stood together as it was given them to see the right, against the charge of treason and disloyalty to the party which they have loved and served all the days of their lives.

I quote this, Mr. President, because I felt when he was delivering it that there was a tone of sorrow in his voice, which no one could appreciate who did not hear him at the time.

During all the debates of the last Congress there was no more masterful analysis from his viewpoint of the tariff measure that had been previously enacted into law than this last address of the distinguished gentleman who was so soon to answer the call of the white-winged messenger of death, and whose memory we are now here to honor, filled as it is with pathos, with hard, cold facts and figures, and with inimitable humor. At times he soared to heights of eloquence, and by a sudden anticlimax indulged in a humor, with a characteristic smile and gesture that brought a smile to every face, and as suddenly branched off into a brilliant peroration that compelled the admiring applause of all who heard him.

Senator DOLLIVER was indeed a most remarkable type of man. Born, as he was, amid the mountains of Virginia, I have often wondered if this early environment did not have much to do with the development of his character and of his mind, which had so much of poetry and pathos and yet of manly strength in it. He was wont often to speak of this environment and of the rugged mountains that as a youth he daily looked out upon, and many of the word pictures painted by him could only have found inspiration in the snowcapped peaks and rugged ranges that he learned to know and to love as a child. He always spoke with veneration of the old State of his birth, and most loyally loved that of his adoption. He loved his party and revered the memory of the fathers of the Republic, and on the occasion of his last address, to which I have referred, he said:

I was born in the Republican Party, down among the loyal mountains of Virginia. I think I know what the articles of its faith are. From my youth I have pored over the pages of its history and found inspiration in all of its high traditions. I have followed its great leaders and sought direction in the wisdom of their counsel. We have sometimes lived in very humble houses,

but we have never lived in a house so small that there was not room on its walls for the pictures of the mighty men who in other generations led it to victory; and now my own children are coming to years and are looking upon the same benignant, kindly faces as I teach them to repeat the story of our heroic age and to recite all the blessed legends of patriotism and liberty.

Senator DOLLIVER was of a strong religious temperament, and I have heard him speak of the wholesome instruction he received from a pious father and mother; not religious in the narrow Puritan sense of the word, because he did not believe it was necessary to go through the world with a long face, closing his heart and conscience to the lighter things which tend to relieve the monotony of life or avoiding the contests in which it is necessary for every useful citizen to engage. In an address delivered by him on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Gov. Francis Harrison Pierpont, a little more than a year ago, he defined a great man as one —

who fears God, keeps His Commandments, and with an ordinary good sense has the fortune to stand in some angle of the fight where the history of the world is being made. He becomes great because he has the opportunity of doing great things, though before the deed he may not have been lifted up among his fellow men, and though after the deed he may fall into such obscurity as to raise questions within 50 years as to what he did and what manner of man he was.

Many of his utterances might be cited, if time permitted, to show his trust and belief in the one Supreme Ruler of the universe and his reverence for things that make for a better life; but in his intercourse with his fellows, whether officially or socially, in his beautiful family relations as a son, a husband, and a father, are to be found the best evidences of the faith that was in him. How difficult it is to realize that a man who has accomplished so much for his country, for his family, and for

his friends has been called hence in middle life and before he had reached the zenith of his splendid promise.

The life of Senator DOLLIVER has been an inspiration and an example to the youth of our land. Attaining the highest place in the gift of the people of his adopted State, through his indomitable courage and energy, he fittingly illustrates the truth of the history of this country that all things are possible of accomplishment to him who, in whatever he undertakes, presses onward and upward. In his death the people of the country have lost a most exemplary citizen, his family a devoted husband and father, and this body one who has at all times set an example of fidelity to duty as God gave him the light to see it. When we think of such a man we can not but hope that there may be truth in what the poet has so beautifully said:

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! an angled form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sings now its everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or soul too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life, there are no dead!

ADDRESS OF MR. YOUNG, OF IOWA

In our State him whom we mourn to-day had but one name and that was "DOLLIVER." If audiences wished to call him, voices shouted "DOLLIVER." This single name appeared upon all posters announcing his meetings. From the beginning of his career he was an Iowa favorite. His name drew the crowd. But no one called him JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER. That may have been the form upon the legal ballot or in the Congressional Directory. This circumstance is complimentary and means that honor rather than disrespect was intended.

I shall speak of DOLLIVER as I knew him. If I had been selecting a comrade for a journey across the continent, either in a prairie schooner or a palace car, I would have selected DOLLIVER. Every day would have been a new day. Every thought would have been fresh and refreshing. When he looked out of a window he saw more than mountains and streams. He saw more than prairies and crops. He photographed with a lens which painters and poets know. Nature delighted him. Trees and plants told their own story to him. He loved books. The best class of romance pleased him. History and biography delighted him. It is a surprise to know that he seldom attended the theater, though he loved music and was especially thrilled by patriotic airs. His whole character can be summed up in the statement that he loved his fellow man and was a good comrade with anyone whom he chanced to meet. Acquaintances made on a railroad train often developed into lifelong friendship. His charm of manner was in his simplicity, and he was

willing to listen as well as to talk. He probably knew more people in Iowa than did any other of our public men. Certainly more people knew him. He had canvassed the State for 25 years and had spoken on all manner of occasions. He held the esteem of all with whom he served in either House or Senate. The relationship existing between himself and Senator Allison will long be borne in the minds of Iowa people. The dead Senator was devoted to his kindred. In all his calculations the thought of his kindred came first. His affection for his venerable father, known in Iowa as "Father Dolliver," was touching. The Senator believed his father to be one of the greatest men, and he remained to that father as a child always.

When President McKinley was governor of Ohio he made a speech in Des Moines. Senator DOLLIVER alternated between two meetings with Gov. McKinley. In one large opera house Father Dolliver was anxious to be near the stage from which his son was to speak. Father Dolliver was a large man and late in life had suffered the loss of a limb. The son stepped from his seat on the stage to assist his father to a better position. He did this unconscious that 2,000 people were admiring his filial devotion. As a rule, Senator DOLLIVER's early friendships lasted through life. No mention of his life would be complete which failed to record what our one-time great editor, Gen. James S. Clarkson, did for the struggling youth. Clarkson discovered many Iowa men, but none reached the fame of DOLLIVER. Clarkson was DOLLIVER's admiring and helpful friend. He never tired in praising the young man's oratory. DOLLIVER was Clarkson's one intellectual gold nugget. The mine proved not to have been salted. Later prospecting developed a richer lead.

In his earlier career the Senator said bitter things in relation to the other party. He had breathed an in-

tensity of feeling following the great war. He had heard bitter talk from his childhood, for all politics were bitterness in his youth. He loved the old soldier and was a favorite at all Grand Army gatherings. One of his favorite utterances was that no decrepit Union soldier should ever be seen going away from the Treasury window bearing the broken promise of Abraham Lincoln. Before being elected to Congress DOLLIVER had a national reputation as an orator. In the House he was as a cavalry leader. He was called into action when the fight was thick, and, no matter how brief the notice, he was found with well-filled oratorical cartridge box. He seldom sought opportunity for debate, but was willing to respond to the order of his party. DOLLIVER's service in the House might be called his educational years, his constructive years, his years of character forming and purpose defining. His friends at home discovered by his service in the House that he was a growing man. As years passed there came to him intellectual poise; his form of expression grew more conservative. Thus he reached a standing in public estimation of being something more than an orator.

But his intellectual fires burned brightest in the presence of the multitude. This ability, he always felt, was an inheritance from his father.

After DOLLIVER had served in the House and his reputation had become national he was frequently mentioned for the office of Vice President, and some months before his death there had been a conspicuous expression that he would some time be President.

Just before the convening of the Republican national convention held in Philadelphia in 1900 a great western newspaper suggested Senator DOLLIVER for Vice President. The movement grew to be one of importance. I was a delegate to that convention and received a tele-

gram from my associate delegates, already at Philadelphia, to come on at once, prepared to help the DOLLIVER movement and to prepare a speech to be used in placing him before the convention. I proceeded at once to Philadelphia and our political activities began. We opened headquarters. We secured banners and a band of music. Then we began to inquire in relation to our candidate. We discovered that he was stopping with friends in a Philadelphia suburb and that he was much unconcerned in regard to the suggestion of his name. He was urged, and yet his enthusiasm did not grow. He was asked to go before the Iowa delegation and finally did so, but with half-unconcerned and lukewarm spirit. The DOLLIVER enthusiasm had not reached DOLLIVER; but his friends continued their campaign in his behalf. Congressional associates visited headquarters and urged the movement forward; but the Senator said that he could not afford to be Vice President; that the social requirements were too many. The only other name mentioned for Vice President was that of Col. Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt's friends were urging him not to be a candidate and not to accept the place, giving as a reason that four years later they hoped to nominate him for President. This, then, was the situation: Senator DOLLIVER's friends were urging him to accept the Vice Presidential nomination, regardless of his future, and Col. Roosevelt's friends were determined that he should not accept, having in mind his future. I have always believed that if Col. Roosevelt had not consented to accept the nomination Senator DOLLIVER would have been the nominee, and thus the whole course of history might have been changed.

The negotiations and consultations among party leaders were numerous. Senators Platt, of New York, and Quay, of Pennsylvania, then conspicuous in party management, were anxious for the nomination of Col. Roosevelt, to

make what they called "a well-balanced ticket," meaning that men of different types should be chosen for the two great offices; but these party leaders were unable to secure Col. Roosevelt's consent. A little later in the proceedings these two Senators, now dead, left the field, placing everything in charge of Senator Mark Hanna. Senator Hanna was chairman of the Republican national committee. With his usual energy, he undertook to ascertain the situation. It is doubtless true that he knew the situation. There had been so much in the way of diplomacy between the camps that the situation was generally known to active party men. The first thing Senator Hanna did was to call upon Senator DOLLIVER and his friends. Learning that the Senator did not have his heart in the cause, he asked the Senator and myself to go with him to call upon Col. Roosevelt for the purpose of securing an acceptance or an unequivocal refusal. Col. Roosevelt had all the time refused to say that he would not accept the nomination for Vice President, refusing to assume that the office was beneath him for the reason that he regarded it as a great office. We called upon Col. Roosevelt. Senator Hanna asked him, "Col. Roosevelt, will you accept the nomination for Vice President?" As I remember it, the Colonel responded, "I will, at your hands and at the hands of the entire Republican Party." Then Senator DOLLIVER turned and with a smile said, "It is all over. My name shall not be used." Senator Hanna asked Col. Roosevelt who would present his name. The Colonel turned to Senator DOLLIVER and Senator DOLLIVER turned to me, remarking that "You can just change your speech a little and nominate the Colonel." Senator Hanna then, turning to me, said, "It is up to you, young man." My speech nominating DOLLIVER had already gone out to the Press Association and had to be suppressed by wire. This is the story of the Vice Presidency at Phila-

delphia, briefly told. Senator DOLLIVER and myself have many times agreed to write the story jointly. We disagreed in no detail in our recollections, and I have now given it as I remember it.

At the Chicago convention of 1908 Senator DOLLIVER was urged to accept the nomination for Vice President and again declined, stating to all that he preferred to remain in the Senate.

Senator DOLLIVER will not be longest remembered as a politician. He was not an organizer. He could not band men together except by their affections. He will be remembered longest for his humanitarian side. He was stirred most by what newspapers call "human interest stories." This is true of all men who have hearts. Of all themes, man is the greatest; of all texts, he is the first. DOLLIVER's mind seemingly never rested. When sitting upon his front porch his scintillating remarks played like sunshine through the branches of the trees, adding brightness to the circumstances surrounding him. He was a rare comrade. The humblest loved him; others respected and admired. None hated him. It is pitiful to know that before he died he could not have known that all the people of Iowa loved him as in former years and that new political conditions had not actually dimmed the memories of the past or caused all the State to lose interest in the youth whose activity had been their activities and whose achievements had been their achievements.

When strong men die in their prime others say "What a pity." But is it a pity? DOLLIVER lived his day, fought his fight, won a great name, established a home, and leaves to his descendants a heritage as enduring as time. He might have left a fortune, but, according to his own theory, this would have been a misfortune. In his own defense of American youth he many times said "The farther you can disconnect the young man from fifty

thousand a year the better for him." He did not believe in riches and idleness as a means of mental and moral growth. His own experiences mellowed his life and created his philosophy. His friends discovered, in the discharge of his duties, that his purposes were patriotic, his love of country genuine. If we shall always send such men to the Senate revolutions will represent the advancement following thoughtful consideration, weighed in the balance of judgment, and the Republic will be secure. In all his intensity he never forgot his responsibilities to his country. He was one of the few men who could interest and sway the multitude by a speech full of patriotism and optimism.

His life's labors are ended. His neighbors and friends and an admiring people are preparing to build a monument marking his resting place. The shaft will look from an eminence to the valley of the Des Moines River. From this position the eye can see busy people and moving trains. Generations will come and go, and the name of DOLLIVER will not be forgotten.

Last evening the residents of this capital witnessed a beautiful sunset. The clouds were red, purple, and gold. The west was in its glory. Viewed from the western steps of the Capitol of the Nation, there, in the background of this wonderful picture, stood the Nation's monument to Washington. It was a scene to inspire the painter. The shaft, in its simplicity, pierced the sky and stood in the illumination as if it were an American outpost with the light of history behind it. Thus stands out, from the achievements of a life, a strong character. Thus will stand DOLLIVER in the years to come.

Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Clay and Mr. DOLLIVER, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 6 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 20, 1911, at 11 o'clock a. m.

FEBRUARY 25, 1911.

MR. YOUNG. On the 18th instant, when I submitted my remarks in memory of the late Senator DOLLIVER, I was unable to procure a copy of a letter which I desired to incorporate in order that it might be in the permanent volume. I now have that letter in print, written by Gen. James S. Clarkson, who knew Mr. DOLLIVER better than any other one living knew him. I ask leave to present it, not to be read, but to become a part of the memorial volume when it is printed, it being necessary to its completion.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Without objection, the letter presented by the Senator from Iowa will be printed as requested.

MR. YOUNG. I ask that it may be printed in the Record.

There being no objection, the letter was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[From the Des Moines (Iowa) Register and Leader]

MR. CLARKSON'S FAREWELL TRIBUTE TO DOLLIVER

In a telegraphic dispatch I have already responded in part to the request of the Register and Leader for "an expression on the death of Senator DOLLIVER." In that I expressed my sense of the Nation's loss and of my own personal grief in this untimely end of his great career. There will be those who will think that his death, largely if not wholly due to his incessant and faithful overwork in the cause of the people, will have contributed even more than he could have done if living to the cause that he espoused so earnestly and powerfully, and this may be true. Yet, for my part, I believe that he was plainly in the line of destiny to

serve a still greater part in this cause than he had yet been able to do, much as he had done. He had already become the leader of the public thought of the Nation on the great reforms so imperatively demanded in some of our leading national policies and in our business systems, and to me he was becoming plainly the choice of the people for the supreme leader in the final action which will put these demands for change and reform in the national statutes, or such reforms as will bring the country and its business and its people back to normal balance, with corporations and property having all the protection that they deserve and yet with human rights always having preeminence over property and all material things.

DOLLIVER's heart was as much the embodied heart of the American people, the struggling and "uncounted millions," as he so fondly and so felicitously termed them, or the great masses who in their relative poverty have a fairer and larger life in this Republic than the same class of people have in any other country of the world, just as much as the heart of Lincoln was the embodied heart, not only of all the struggling and suffering millions but also of all patriotic Americans in the years before the Civil War. Besides this almost divine sympathy for the people at large and his desire to save the working people of this country from being degraded to a peasantry similar to the peasantries of Europe, as Lincoln desired to free the millions of human beings from slavery at that time, he also spent long years of studious and incessant investigation into all economic questions and learned to know the just basis on which the readjustment in this country should and must and will finally be made. He was among the earliest to see the force of the resistless evolution which has been going on in this country particularly, and also all over the world in a lesser degree, and among the first to know that the tide could not longer be resisted.

Instead of his views as so conspicuously announced in his speeches of unequalled power and persuasion in the debates in the Senate on the Payne tariff bill—the speeches which so unprejudiced an authority as the Springfield Republican, first of all political and literary critics in New England, pronounced as having brought the Senate debates of this time to be judged as equal in merit with the debates of the days of Webster, Clay, Randolph, and Calhoun—being the zealous views of a new convert, I personally know them to have been in fact his own per-

sonal views for many years, for these views long have been my own, and I often talked them over with him in the intimacy existing between us, and we both agreed, over 20 years ago, that no tariff duty should any longer be imposed, except in such measure as would protect the American laborer in the difference between American and European wages. These were not only his private views but often as frankly expressed public views. In fact, I have always felt that it was the plank in the Iowa Republican platform in 1895, as I remember the date, in the State convention held in Cedar Rapids, declaring that "the tariff shall never be allowed to become a shelter of monopoly," and which was presented by George Roberts and DOLLIVER, that put Iowa in the lead of a rising revolt against any further high or increasing tariff. It was this plank that ushered in what finally became nationally known as "the Iowa idea." In the years since then I talked frequently with Mr. DOLLIVER, and found him increasingly in favor of lowering instead of increasing the tariff duties. I talked with him several times during the debate on the Payne bill, when he came to New York hunting for the actual facts as to the important schedules into which he made such complete and unsparing investigation, and consulted with me and other customs officials in this port. He never stopped until he got the entire truth in detail, which truth he used with such terrific effect in his speeches in the Senate and with such overwhelming proof as ought to have defeated the schedules that he assailed.

Besides his own tireless work and overwork, which at last and not slowly brought to him the fatal penalty which his country now deplores, in investigating for the truth, he had the service for several years, and in the last year or more the constant service, of Henry D. Tichenor, the best-posted man of this time in all the intricate details of the tariff—the son and student of Col. George C. Tichenor, the greatest tariff expert this Nation has ever had and who, as a high official of the Treasury Department, was the expert authority and adviser of Congress in the preparation and enactment of the Wilson bill, the McKinley bill, and the Dingley bill. Thus, his speeches in the Senate were based not only on his own long and profound study of the economic conditions of this country, but also on ascertained and established official facts gained by him with such an exhaustless and exhaustive research and with such hard labor on his own part, and through the

invaluable help of the first tariff experts, as no other public official had ever attempted or utilized.

This great testimony of incontestible facts which he gave in the Senate served the one great purpose of convincing the great masses of the people—"the uncounted millions," as he termed them—but failed to convince the majority of the Senate, which had determined not to be convinced. Thus did he place on the great trestle board of the Nation's progress the truth, so imperiously demanding long-needed reform in the reduction of the tariff, and with it the plan for accomplishing it. This plan that he thus presented to the wisdom of the Nation and the conscience of Congress will surely yet be enacted into law; and it is more than probable that he himself would have been called to the Presidency as the insurance of its being done. He had not lived to lead in fulfilling his utterance as a prophet, but in a not distant time his prophecies will have become the statutes of the land and the full protection of the people.

That Senator DOLLIVER worked with Senator Cummins in the final struggle in Washington was from the fact that Senator Cummins was right also and not because anyone or any power than his own conscience led DOLLIVER to take what his own 20 years' experience in Congress had shown him to be the only thing left to do. I was in sympathy with the most that he did, and yet, as a much older man and a man of the older generation that had passed, could not share fully in the views of the new generation in holding so many of the old party leaders as having been unfaithful. For they had served in a far different period in the evolution and upbuilding of this Nation, and had, in my opinion, served as faithfully the demands of their time as were DOLLIVER and the other leaders of the new generation proceeding to fulfill their duties now. While I approved his general course of protest and appeal in the Senate, and had plainly increasing admiration for him for the rare powers he was so plainly and so constantly showing, I advised him to vote at last for his party under protest, and place the responsibility on it. Yet I am free to say that in this he showed himself possessed of more courage and more loyalty to the people's interest than I did, or the courage of this newer and braver and perhaps better era in politics. In any event he plainly met his duty as he saw it, and died proud of his action; and the coming time is not unlikely to find posterity cali-

ing it not only the bravest but the greatest of all his many acts in his long and brilliant and always faithful career.

One who has lived as long as I have and personally watched the course of things in 50 years of politics can look with admiration upon the great leaders of the new day and the new order without joining in the too prevalent present tendency to impugn the motives of the great leaders who led in the great legislation in the generation just passed. For my part, I believe that these denunciations should cease and the party be brought together to agree upon the legislation which is to enact in the statutes the reforms now so irresistibly demanded by the public interest and the public will. The party should be brought together instead of daily being separated more and more. I do not mean that there should be the least surrender on the part of the new convictions or any lessening of the demands for changes so imperatively needed, but I do believe that 95 per cent of the Republicans of this country want to find in an amicable manner the right way to settle these questions. All that is needed is to ascertain and to enact into law what will be just to property and the people alike, and yet with the rights of the people always above the rights of property. In my judgment, two such great leaders as Senator Elihu Root, so consummate in knowledge of corporation law and corporation rights, and yet conscious of the rights of the people, and Senator DOLLIVER, representing so completely the interests and wishes of the people, could have come together any time in the past two years and made a draft for three or four statutes which would have ushered in and made the laws of the land what the people are so imperatively demanding and will continue to demand until their will and wish are complied with. The great, greedy 1 per cent, or the capitalists who constitute not over 1 per cent of the population of this country, who have had their way too much and too long, will not much longer continue to defeat the people in their determination to readjust the Government to a basis absolutely just to all interests alike.

On the personal side of Mr. DOLLIVER's life I could easily fill a whole page of the Register and Leader—or even all its pages—and I will venture to add something on that line to an article already too long. His life readily groups itself into four stages:

First, the stage of his boyhood and education in Virginia, where under the loving care of his father and mother he was making the struggle of the son of a poor preacher for a liberal education.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

Those who knew the parents know that he had an inspiration from them both which was almost divine, for both were of the best of earth; and those who knew him intimately, and especially in his early days in Iowa, know his love for them amounted almost to worship. His father—who as a minister rode the lonely circuits of the mountain districts of Virginia, carried more than even the gospel of the Master to a frontier people—was himself a great man, and a man who was so devout and so human himself as to be one of the greater pioneers in the vast and faithful work and uplift of the people of the early Republic. Much of the rare power of oratory Senator DOLLIVER possessed came from his own devout nature, inherited from his parents, with whom the Bible was always the highest platform not only for human thought, but for human action; and nearly every great speech he ever made was informed and made, nearly inspired, by apt and irresistible quotations from its sacred pages. In a speech that he delivered on Abraham Lincoln, on Lincoln's birthday, before the Republican Club of this city four years ago, he naturally found in the character and career of Lincoln an inspiration to quote from the highest summits of the Bible; and it was to such splendid and impressive effect as to elicit from President Roosevelt, who was present, the remark to me that he thought it was the greatest and most impressive speech he had ever heard. It may be said that the church gave Senator DOLLIVER to public life and to his great work on such a high plane, and also made him to be what the Tribune, of this city, calls him to-day, "an orator without a rival in either of the great parties."

The second stage of his life begins when, fresh from college and law schools, he started West to earn his own living and to aid in the support of his father, who had been largely incapacitated by the loss of a leg. He stopped first in Illinois one winter to teach school; but nature and temperament and perhaps a higher power kept his great abilities from being long employed within such narrow borders, and he went on to Iowa to practice law at Fort Dodge and to enter into the great career which he finally achieved. The gates of Iowa never opened in more of fortune to the State than when they opened to admit this young pioneer from Virginia. The record to be written now, the record which will grow constantly larger as time will pass, is that while a great State has bestowed its greatest honors upon this poor young immigrant since that time, he has in return bestowed still greater honors

upon it in the theater of the wider field of the whole world. For in faithful and mighty measure he has added to the respect, the admiration, and the love which the world has come to have for the Commonwealth now so great, then just rising into its promise of challenging greatness.

I first saw Mr. DOLLIVER late in the winter of 1884 at Fort Dodge, where I had gone to see Gov. Carpenter, the lovable man who was one of the noblest and the best of Iowans. The governor, who knew the Register was always watching for new stars arising in Iowa, told me of DOLLIVER and said he was the making if not already the greatest orator in the State, and asked me if I would not stay over until the next day and he would have a meeting called in the courthouse with a speech by DOLLIVER. I told him my engagements required I should be in Des Moines that night, and the governor started to take me to the train in his buggy from the farm. As he was driving through a street in Fort Dodge he suddenly said, "There's DOLLIVER now," and drove up to a group of men working in the street; and there, working in a ditch in the street, in his bare feet, working out his poll tax, was the future great Senator. It was typical of the man, for while he had not yet come to have any income as a lawyer only of the slenderest size, he was meeting his duty as a citizen by manual labor, which honored him, and living in his little law office, with an oil stove, doing his own cooking, and sending all possible money that he could earn and save to his father in Virginia. Later in the same year, when he was brought into the national campaign and won such an instant and complete victory as an orator and won so much praise, Chairman Jones, of the national committee, expressed to me this fear that such great and high praise would turn the head of any young man. I told him then of this instance in Fort Dodge and said that a man who started in life in such a manner would always be secure against any mere flattery or any undue vanity.

This day in Fort Dodge Mr. DOLLIVER met me in such a manner, and his greatness was so brimming in him even then and in everything he said, that I was immediately won by him, and there began one of the two or three most cherished intimate friendships of my life, and which through all the passing years has changed only to deepen and increase. I at once decided to stay over and hear the new orator and see the new star in his own orbit. He more than justified Gov. Carpenter's ardent measurement of him.

In March or April we had our State convention to elect the Iowa delegates to the national convention of 1884. Gov. Carpenter and I used our influence with the State committee and had Mr. DOLLIVER chosen temporary chairman of the State convention. There he made the famous speech which not only surprised and delighted the convention and all the people of Iowa, but also captured the country at large and was published in many papers. From that day DOLLIVER's fame and future high usefulness were certain and secure.

In that year Iowa gave its vote and its heart to Blaine. I was made the member for Iowa of the Republican committee—one of the generous State's many gracious kindnesses to me—with Mr. Blaine finally insisting that I should go to New York for the campaign as a member of the executive committee, which I reluctantly did, although I then not only had no ambition for national reputation, but instead had firmly resolved never to leave or to desire a larger field than Iowa, a resolve which I have often regretted I had not always kept. In a conference between the committee and Mr. Blaine in choosing the larger speakers for the national campaign, I suggested DOLLIVER, and the other members, mainly eastern men with the usual prejudice against the West, thought it personal partiality on my part. But Mr. Blaine spoke up and said, "If that's the young man who has been showering Iowa and the West with epigrams, we certainly want him, for his speeches show him to be a man of rare and unusual power." So DOLLIVER was invited. He reached New York while the executive committee was in session, and I had him brought into the room and introduced him. He had the natural timidity of a young man among famous men, knowing that he was under critical and none too friendly inspection. After he left the room I said to Mr. Hobart (afterwards Vice President): "You are to have an opening meeting to-morrow night at your home in Paterson in the big skating rink which you say holds 10,000 people and will be filled. All of us on the committee here will accept an invitation to spend to-morrow night with you and attend the meeting. I want you to invite DOLLIVER to speak there. If he does not then more than prove all that I have said of him, he will go back to Iowa." We went; the great rink was filled to overflowing. Hobart presided, and we as fellow committeemen sat around him as wax figures for the occasion. Hobart put up other speakers, and gradually the audience began to melt away. I finally told him if he wanted

to save his audience to put up DOLLIVER, and I would guarantee that no more people would go out, and that in less than five minutes the applause he would receive would call back the people who had left. He reluctantly consented and put DOLLIVER up, and in less than five minutes he had captured the audience and New Jersey and, through the papers printing his speech next day, the country at large. After that that national committee could not send DOLLIVER to one in a hundred of the places he was wanted and asked for. Mr. Blaine asked to see him, and at once took him on a special train with him for an oratorical tour of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This completed the final arrival of DOLLIVER in the lists of national fame, and from that time until the close of the campaign he was kept away from Iowa and in the national service until the election.

His first great personal feat in American politics was in the great speeches he made in Ohio in the campaign made that year for the election of a State ticket. His campaign was so inspiring and his persuasion so infectious that he gave new life to the Republican Party there, and it was admitted that he had saved the State from what had been expected to be a Democratic victory. Mr. Blaine always held Mr. DOLLIVER not only in great admiration for his rare ability as an orator and leader, but also in much of personal affection; and gradually and quickly the young western leader came to be greatly beloved of all the principal party leaders of the Nation.

The third stage in Mr. DOLLIVER's evolution into a great career was in the years when, in 1889, he was elected as a Member of the lower House of Congress; his early rise to unusual power and influence in that body; his four reelections to the House and the constant increase of his prestige and usefulness; his large participation as a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the creation of the McKinley tariff law, where he learned much of the information which he used in the debate on the Payne bill; and finally, after he had become one of the accepted leaders and greater orators of the party, his transference to the Senate, where he came into such close and intimate relations with Senator Allison, so loved and honored alike by all Iowans and all Americans, who accepted him as a colleague who could give as well as receive strength and help. He grew to have still more affection for the venerable leader than he had had before and proved a very Jonathan and a very pillar of strength to him in his later

years, extending to such a defense of him in that last pathetic year of life and such a defense of equally unexampled devotion and strength as no Iowa man had ever before been given. DOLLIVER's campaign in Iowa for Allison's last election was such a demonstration of strength and courage as no other Iowa man has ever shown. Himself a man of the newer generation and the new order, instead of going the safe and easy way of affiliation with his own generation and making sure of his future without doubt or hardship, he voluntarily and gladly took up the cause of a great and noble man, who at best was very near the end of his days, and cheerfully and gladly gave him his support, and such a support and based on such devotion, and despite the very possible sacrifice of himself, as not one man in a million would ever give even to his dearest friend. This one act of lofty courage and fidelity should and will in a State with hearts such as the people of Iowa have of itself make the name of DOLLIVER forever sacred and loved by the people who honored him so much and so often and who in loyal and grateful return honored them still more.

The fourth stage in DOLLIVER's life, or last, covers the closing years, which will now always have an historical pathos which will be inseparable from his undying fame. It covers the two years of his greatest achievements, of his proudest victories in his service to the people, which will always be a model because of its usefulness and purity as well as for the luster of its legitimate greatness.

In the widening circle of his growing power he had come into the consecrated approval of the people of the whole Nation—a people who had already come to look upon him as the desirable and inevitable man for the supreme place in the near future. He had made his way to this high place purely by his own ability. He had such help alone as the inspiration of the devoted love and help, first of his parents, and next of his wife, who was so worthy of him in all his greatness and of his ambitions and purposes, and the loving help of his noble sisters, and all the others who found a new joy and pride in being admitted to his friendship and unchanging affection. His own sad and sudden death recalls to those who knew and loved the brother, too, for his many noble qualities, the sudden death of his brother Victor.

For Iowa it may be said—and I remember as I say it many thousands and tens of thousands of good hearts I personally know

ADDRESS OF MR. YOUNG, OF IOWA

in the State, a State I love as I love no other—that in none of its many acts which it has rendered for the benefit of the world and the service of mankind has it honored itself more than in giving to the public service of the Nation and to the cause of the people a man so pure and so great and so useful as Senator DOLLIVER.

In the closing years of my life, when, with everyone who is nearing the end of the long journey, I find a greater and yet more radiant and revealing light shining on the acts of all men, I discover even in the earlier public acts of Senator DOLLIVER more of useful contribution to the public good and more of lasting benefit to his fellow men for all time than I discovered then. They were the forerunning prophecies and promises of the greater things to come in his ministry and help since for the waiting millions whom Lincoln consecrated with the now sacred title of “the plain people.” And as I see now the fruitage of the great results of those early efforts and review the unselfishness and the purity as well as the greatness of his life and his work, I find it one of the proudest titles I can set down for myself that I was given to gain the confidence and the unchanging friendship and affections of the man whose name, not only in the years but in the centuries to come, will be quoted as that of one of the Americans most to be quoted for the emulation of all young men, and to the honor of a Republic which could develop such a man for the larger service of his own and all other people. Plainly, and from the first, he “lifted his eyes unto the hills, from whence all strength cometh.”

JAMES S. CLARKSON.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

DECEMBER 5, 1910.

Mr. HUBBARD of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and send a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

The resolution was agreed to.

JANUARY 26, 1911.

Mr. HUBBARD of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 12 m. Sunday, February 26, 1911, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the honorable JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, late a Member of the United States Senate from the State of Iowa.

The order was agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 26, 1911.*

The House was called to order at 12 o'clock noon by the Clerk, Hon. Alexander McDowell, who announced that Mr. Hull of Iowa had been designated by the Speaker as Speaker pro tempore for this day.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O thou who art supremely wise and good, just and merciful, pure and holy, our God and our Father, we thank Thee that no night of sorrow can obscure the light of Thy countenance from those who put their trust in Thee. No disappointment so deep, so poignant, that Thou canst not turn to hope. Hence we pray most fervently for those who were bound by the ties of love and friendship to the departed statesmen, who strove earnestly to reflect in their lives and deeds the image of their Maker. Grant that the history recorded this day may be an inspiration to those who read, to pure motives, clean living, and noble endeavor, that, though dead, their works may live and bear the fruits of the spirit thus reflected in their lives. Help us, we beseech Thee, so to live that when we pass to the great beyond we shall be missed and cherished by those who knew and loved us, and song of praises we will ever give to Thee in the name of Him who taught us to live well, and when the summons comes to pass serenely on with perfect faith and confidence in Thee, O God, our Father. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

Mr. HUBBARD of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, late a Member of the United States Senate from the State of Iowa, which occurred at his home, in the city of Fort Dodge, October 15, 1910.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given to pay tribute to his memory.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public service the House, at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. HUBBARD of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that general leave for five days be granted to Members to print remarks on the life and character of the late Senator DOLLIVER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent that leave be given for five days for Members to print remarks on the life and character of Senator DOLLIVER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. HUBBARD, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: The first I knew of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, or J. P., as he was familiarly called, was about 1882. In my memory he was then a tall, almost slender, yet powerful youth, with a great voice not yet touched in its melody with that certain roughness which later became habitual. He was full of a boyish fun and already looked out upon life with that quaintly cynical humor which saw the absurd in every sham, the queer and almost comical self-deception in every wrong, and half overlooked the sham and half forgave the wrong for the delight he found in their very absurdity.

I met him through that most lovable of men, Maurice D. O'Connell, his lifelong mentor and friend, and even now remember the prankish play of wit and fun with which the young fellow tickled and teased the older man. At home he was the life of every crowd, the joy of the town, welcome alike to the philosophers of the dry-goods box, as they reasoned sagely of "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," and to the boys out for a good time.

The first notes of his eloquence were sounding. With all their apparent ease, they were the results of arduous training. I have been told that in those days it was his wont, whenever in reading or in his own meditations or in talk, he encountered a striking thought, a witty turn, a suggestive parallel, to note it upon a slip of paper, pin this conspicuously on his bedroom wall, and rehearse it over and over until it became a part of his mental furniture. He called these his "repertoire," and would

recite them oratorically to his intimates with all conceivable variations, as might some violinist strive for perfect expression upon the trembling strings. His earlier speeches quivered with epigram, each sentence rounded, complete; an argument in a witty phrase; an heroic picture in a gleaming word. Such was the speech at the Republican State convention in 1881 which first introduced him to the State and sent him to Congress in 1890. So light and joyous were these children of his brain that men in their laughter and applause forgot the earnest purpose behind the wit and satire. Stupid commonplace exacted the usual bitter penalty from him who had the wisdom to make men laugh. He was an earnest man, although he did not clothe his earnestness in pompous phrase. He laughed in the face of poverty, yet took prudent and anxious care for those of his own household.

To his revered father he was a son indeed; to his brothers and sisters he was a brother indeed. Who that has been privileged to see it can ever forget the reverent care which surrounded the aged and crippled father? His was the seat of honor, the voice of authority. To the day of his death he ruled like a patriarch in the household of his son. And wife and children—who shall tread within the circle of their grief? With what brave humor he took up the seeming burdens of life and bore them so gladly that they ceased to be burdens and became as precious adornments.

Born into the Methodist Church, in all his jovial and free commerce with the world he never wandered from his father's house. Nowhere did he appear to better advantage than in the councils of his church, and nowhere did he render more faithful service. In my own town is a college, struggling upward from weakness into strength—Morningside College. To no man after Bishop Lewis does this growing foundation owe more than to

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER. Last fall, even as his body lay waiting for the grave, there came a new era to the little college, an era of expanding life under Luther A. Freeman. At the inauguration of Dr. Freeman Senator DOLLIVER was to speak. When his name was reached on the program, the great audience rose with one impulse and stood with tearful eyes, a blessing on their lips. His memory will linger long as a fragrance in those halls.

Judge Birdsall, Gilbert Haugen, and I spent a winter with him here in Washington, dwelling in his house. We called ourselves the Pirates. What boyish, simple fun we had. And in the evening when the fire was blazing in the grate, how prodigally he poured forth the riches of his mind. How wide his reading. There seemed to be no subject he had not studied, no theme he had not pondered.

This was the year of the rate bill. There came to Senator DOLLIVER, in the struggle over that bill, a broadening vision, a fuller realization of the tremendous forces at work upon a revolution in the life of the Republic. Then for the first time he feared. Then for the first time there dwelt upon his lips the phrase, afterwards so familiar to the end, "the integrity, the freedom of the American market place." He saw the consolidation of the railway, shop, and bank, of transportation, industry, and finance, into one huge, overmastering system, dictating to men and to communities the terms of living. Of course, the people are masters if they will, but will they? Can they endure the steady, unceasing, organized attack of concentrated interests? Can they endure with patience, stand the brunt of hard times, go hungry, if need be, for a principle, or will they, like some huge, unwieldy animal caught in the nets of the hunter, struggle wildly for a time and then supinely yield to him who gives food—"bread and circuses?"

I do him wrong if I depict any sudden, Saul-like conversion to a new gospel. The railroad question was not new to him. As he himself says:

The fact is, I live in a community which for 40 years has been studying the railroad question. We got started in the study in the time of Gov. Cyrus C. Carpenter. He gave us a sentence in Iowa that has been more upon the lips of our people than any other political maxim, a phrase, if you please, "the skeleton in the cornerib."

When in 1906 Senator DOLLIVER had the fight for the rate bill he did it with the ripest knowledge and with a matured and earnest purpose:

To prevent, with all the power that this Government has or can acquire, those abuses which in 20 years have converted our market place into an industrial oligarchy more powerful even than the Government of the United States.

So with the tariff debate he was upon no new ground; no new question surprised him. He was the devoted follower of Blaine. He was the loving friend of William McKinley. He had defended to the uttermost the Kasson treaties when men's voices were dumb. He had spoken in warning to deaf ears. Had the policies of Blaine and McKinley, had the treaties of reciprocity negotiated through them been honestly interpreted and honestly maintained, we should not to-day have the tariff question agitating and vexing the business of the land. I was in the Iowa Legislature when that body named him Senator. I heard his speech of acceptance. No one there present can forget the profound impression made by his deep earnestness.

The design of protective tariff laws—

He said —

is to prevent our home industries from being overborne by the competition of foreign producers, and it may safely be said that

no American factory making an unequal or even precarious fight with its foreign rivals will ever look in vain for help and defense to the people of Iowa. But we are not blind to the fact that in many lines of industry tariff rates which in 1897 were reasonable have already become unnecessary and even absurd. They remain on the statute books not as a shield for the safety of domestic labor, but as a weapon of offense against the American market place itself.

That last sentence might stand as the text for his whole tariff contention. He came to that great controversy armed cap-a-pie, not so much in any new awakening as in response to an aroused public opinion. He was in the full maturity of his powers. No English-speaking orator of his time was so equipped with every resource of his art. The theme was one upon which he had meditated long and earnestly. He had helped to frame the Dingley tariff, and for many months before the extra session began had studied every detail of the schedules. So when the time for action came, no other man alive was so well prepared. The months that followed revealed him to his countrymen as he had not been known before. The harvest time had come. The climax of it all was that last great speech when he seemed to rise to prophetic heights, when doubts vanished and faith reigned. He cried aloud with exultation:

For the day is coming—it is a good deal nearer than many think—when a new sense of justice, new inspirations, new volunteer enthusiasms for good government shall take possession of the hearts of all our people. The time is at hand when the laws will be respected by great and small alike; when fabulous millions, piled hoard upon hoard, by cupidity and greed, and used to finance the ostentations of modern life, shall be no longer a badge of distinction, but of discredit rather, and it may be of disgrace; a good time coming, when this people shall so frame their statutes as to protect alike the enterprises of rich and poor in the greatest market place which God has ever given to this

children, and when the rule of justice, intrenched in the habits of the whole community, will put away all unseemly fears of panic and disaster when the enforcement of the laws is suggested by the courts. It is a time nearer than we dare to think. A thousand forces are making for it. It is the fruitage of these Christian centuries, the fulfillment of the prayers and dreams of the men and women who have laid the foundations of this Commonwealth and with infinite sacrifice maintained these institutions.

This was his swan song. A few weeks more and he lay at rest among his loving and beloved people. So passed this master of speech, this gentle, human, loving man, with whom little children played, with whom his neighbors joked and gossiped, toward whom a nation turned with listening hearts. For him I refuse to mourn; rather would I uplift a song of triumph, thanksgiving, and praise. He hath fought the good fight.

ADDRESS OF MR. WOODS, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: This day has been set apart to honor the memory of Senator JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER, who, though born of humble parentage, became one of the mightiest forces in the Nation for better government and the uplift of American citizens.

What may be said here to-day will add little to his fame. If we can but call the attention of the American youth to the great career of Senator DOLLIVER the day will have been well spent. The record of his life will be an inspiration to every boy in the Nation, whether among the high or yet among the lowly and the poor.

MR. DOLLIVER was born February 6, 1858. His father, Rev. James J. Dolliver, was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church; his mother's maiden name was Eliza Jane Brown. The place of Mr. DOLLIVER's birth was on a farm a few miles from Kingwood, Preston County, W. Va. When he was 12 years old the family moved to Morgantown, in that State, where he attended the public schools. He finished his education in the University of West Virginia, graduating from that institution in 1875 at the age of 17. After graduating from the university he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He then began looking about for a suitable location, selecting the little city of Fort Dodge, Iowa, where the hills, undulating back from the River Des Moines, were an ever-pleasant reminder of his early home.

MR. DOLLIVER brought to his chosen State a purpose to succeed, a character seasoned by the vicissitudes that

come to the families of ministers of the gospel in following their calling in the sparsely settled districts, a strong constitution, the result of clean living and the invigorating air of a mountain climate. Born on a farm, spending his early boyhood in the rough and hilly country, he learned to love nature for its own sake. Little wonder that later on in life his great speeches were filled with the music of the songs of birds and the ripple of the mountain brooks. His nature partook of those early surroundings, which supplied him with the many qualities that afterwards gained for him national recognition, for there was in his eloquence and word pictures the grandeur of the mountain storm and the beauty of the valleys. In his home life flowers bloomed in his conversation and the clouds drifted away.

In the year 1878 he moved to the State of Iowa, the soundest, sweetest, and most wholesome Commonwealth in the American Union. From the moment he arrived in Fort Dodge until the day of his death, October 15, 1910, Mr. DOLLIVER was identified with every forward movement. He endured and even enjoyed the hardships that come to a young lawyer. In his case, as in the case of others beginning the practice of law, he had plenty of time to devote to the politics of his county.

He began at once to attract the attention of the men who took an interest in government, not only for his ability to speak but on account of the soundness of his counsel. The beginning of his political career, however, may be said to date from the time he was selected as chairman of the State Republican convention in 1881. His address to the delegates was widely commented on, and from that time forward he was in demand as a speaker at political and patriotic gatherings. The prominence thus given him resulted in his nomination and election as a Member of the House of Representatives of the

Fifty-first Congress. The broader field afforded as a Member of the lower House spurred him to put forth his best efforts. A brilliant mind like Representative DOLLIVER possessed required such a field not afforded in any other avocation or single occupation. This was the work he loved, the field he sought, and it became his life work. Had his ambition been the building up of a great fortune he would have attained his goal; had it been but the quest of fame he could have been content to rest, for his eloquence had already supplied him this. To his credit it must be said that these vanities had no attraction for him—he took a broader and better view of life; he labored only to serve his country and his fellow man, and to solve, if possible, the economic problems that confront the Nation. Throwing all his energy into his work it is not to be wondered at that he soon made his influence felt in the House of Representatives, so that when a vacancy occurred in the Senate Representative DOLLIVER seemed to be the logical candidate.

On August 23, 1900, he was appointed United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Gear. His previous training in the House prepared him to take up at once the work in the Senate. Constituted as he was and coming from humble surroundings, he worked and voted for the welfare of the common citizen, not being blinded by ambition or personal success. Naturally a student, he was necessarily a great reader, and enjoyed not only the works of the masters of philosophy and political economy, but he enjoyed as well the works of fiction and the current comments of the magazine and newspaper. In the Senate Chamber when Senator DOLLIVER arose to speak there fell an expectant hush, and even though the subject was of minor importance his handling of the matter, gilded with the touch of eloquence, made the driest question of state entertaining.

His quick wit and wide knowledge made him a master in the verbal brushes and debates. He could stem and turn the tide of argument by his ability to select the weak points in his opponents, and could paint their position in such a ridiculous light that he never failed to bring forth applause. When matters of great moment were before the country for decision Senator DOLLIVER set at once to work to secure all available information, and viewed the question from every standpoint before attempting its solution. He was an untiring worker, and when he had collected all his data and properly arranged it for summing up, it could be depended upon that when he presented it to the Senate that every phase of the question had been considered. It was not to the Senate alone, however, that he spoke; the Nation was his audience chamber and the 90,000,000 Americans his auditors.

Being of a genial disposition, he avoided all useless arguments and controversies, and in questions of state was slow to discuss the matter until thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his position. When he had once concluded the proper course to pursue he could not be swerved, by friendship or other consideration, from his purpose of championing the cause. While he felt keenly any coldness on the part of his friends and their disapproval of his attitude, he never allowed that fact to lessen his vigorous support of righteous legislation. I have often beheld him during a debate on some great question, like the tariff or transportation, when his whole being would be summoned to action by the knowledge of his own responsibility to see that justice was done; the light of understanding was in his eye and righteous determination in his heart. His aim and endeavor was the restoration and continuance of the power of the individual citizen, and to do right because it was right. He accomplished much for the benefit of his countrymen

and the common people and endeavored to eradicate the cause of inequality to the individual and make his country a place of equal opportunity and enjoyment of citizenship to all. It has been remarked that Senator DOLLIVER surely enjoyed the full measure of public honor, but I believe that had he lived his country would have further crowned his career with the highest honor that is within the gift of the American people.

In reviewing the life of Senator DOLLIVER and summing up his career we are too apt to see but the public side of the man and forget entirely his home life. Senator DOLLIVER was married in 1895 to Miss Louisa Pearson, and to this union were born three children, Margaret, Frances, and George Prentiss. I love to think of him in his home, where, in the early evening with his family and in conversation with them, he would receive the inspiration for his labors the following day. It was his habit, later in the evening, to gather about him his books, the works of masters and the humbler poets; there amid the solitude, surrounded by these mute friends, his soul would receive all the wonders of the creation of the human mind. And thus at some future time in the Senate his memory, as treasurer, was always ready to pay the drafts made upon it in debate.

Not long ago I went down the Potomac River to Mount Vernon, the last earthly home of George Washington. I stood on the beautiful slope that rises up from the river, and, while moved by the inspiring surroundings, I meditated upon the great purposes and the splendid achievements of the departed President. I was impressed with the maxim that the good that men do live after them. On the southern hillside stands the tomb of Washington, where his earthly remains have reposed for more than a century. On the tomb are inscribed these words: "Though ye are dead, yet shall ye live."

That motto could find no more substantial vindication than the life of Washington, and no fitter epitaph could be invented for his tomb. It embodies the spirit of fame, the power of example, the permanence of achievement, and the immortality of unselfishness. The influences of the nameless dead linger with us still; they sway and direct our course by their precepts and examples. In the moment of doubt we consult precedent, and precedent is but the deeds of those who have gone before.

In the city of Fort Dodge they are building a monument to commemorate the great work Senator DOLLIVER has done in behalf of the American Government and its citizens, upon which I hope the sculptor will inscribe the same epitaph as is upon the tomb of Washington, "Though ye are dead, yet shall ye live." The people of Iowa will always take pride in pointing to the life of Senator DOLLIVER as exemplary. I am glad they are building that monument in his home city. Monuments, however, are not needed to perpetuate his memory. The work of his great, noble mind and heart will be forgotten when the monument above his resting place shall have crumbled into dust.

Senator JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER has gone, his work is finished, but the influences of his life will become more and more potent for good. The world is better for his having lived. In years to come, from his toil and sowing the American people will garner a rich harvest.

ADDRESS OF MR. NORRIS, OF NEBRASKA

MR. SPEAKER: The great State of Iowa gives praise to-day to the memory of her honored son. And well she may, for the fame of his brilliant career has brought honor to the State he loved so well; and yet Senator DOLLIVER belonged to us all.

When the news of his untimely taking off was flashed across the wires every humble home in our broad land lost a champion and every fireside a defender. His work was national; his fame was world-wide, and, coming as I do from the western plains far beyond the limits of his adopted State, I bring to his bier a token of honor and respect from those who knew him best for what he stood and loved him most for what he did. We admired his statesmanship; we loved him for his patriotic courage; we believed in his wisdom; we trusted his fidelity; and we would have gladly followed in his lead in every struggle for the advancement of human rights and the preservation of our liberties. We believed in his destiny, and had he been spared to a grateful people, their faith would have placed him at the helm and made him the Chief Magistrate of our common country.

The record of his public service is known in every humble home, and in the great West at many a hearthstone, as evening shadows fall and the little brood is gathered around maternal knee to say the evening prayer,

the childish heart is cheered anew to hear again from mother's lips the story of DOLLIVER's life. He is gone, but the lesson of his life is with us yet, and every struggle that he made in our behalf will still remain as shining stars to guide aright the weary footsteps of those who follow and those who are to come.

I saw him last just at the adjournment of the preceding session. He told me then that overwork had well-nigh broken down his strength; and now it seems to me, in looking back, that then he spoke in prophetic vision when he said that unless he at once sought rest and quiet his days on earth were numbered. He had been laboring then through two almost continuous sessions with unceasing toil, and well he knew that he had reached the limit of human endurance. He had decided then to take a well-earned rest and rebuild his wasted strength for the work of the present session; but duty called and he obeyed. He knew the danger of his course, but without consideration for his own welfare or even his own life he plunged into a vigorous campaign in defense of those principles which he conscientiously believed to be right. With labor unceasing and with courage undaunted he boldly faced the danger that he well knew was liable to bring the unanswerable summons that came too soon. He sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country as truly, as bravely, and as nobly as any knight who ever faced a foe upon the field of battle. Overburdened with the cares of state, on the topmost hill of life's pathway, while the sun was still shining in the zenith, he laid his burden down and sank to eternal rest.

It is sometimes difficult for mortal man to understand the wisdom of a mysterious Providence when such men are stricken down at the noonday hour of life, and yet it has been the fate of many of our most useful and illustrious men. It almost seems like a denial of justice to

strike them down before they have heard the shouts of triumph from those who follow and before they have felt the crown of victory upon the brow. But, after all, when we consider the brief span of life's existence, it matters but little whether the summons comes at noon or whether it takes us off as the sun is sinking in the west.

But whenever it does come, if we can look back over the road we have trod and see along the pathway the flowers of love, of justice, and of mercy that have been planted by our own hands to blossom and to bloom for those who follow, then life shall not have been lived in vain. We can honor our illustrious dead most by living the life they would have us lead and remaining true to the principles for which they labored and for which they died. These occasions are not for the good of the dead, but for the benefit of the living. In the face of death we all realize our weakness. It is well for struggling mortals to touch elbows around the open grave. It drives from out the heart selfishness and greed, it frees the mind of anger and of hate. It reminds us that in but a few days we all must follow; that the rich, the poor, the small, the great, must all meet upon the common level in answer to the summons; and that after all life is too short to carry in the heart any envy or ill-will against our fellow man. It teaches the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and standing here, as it were, beside the open grave, with life's tenure unknown, but with eternity in view, let me say:

When I am old—and O, how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life, when I am old.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

When I am old—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old, O let me give
My life to learning how to live!
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

ADDRESS OF MR. PICKETT, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: In the early eighties the country schoolhouse campaign was at its height in Iowa. In those days the farmer did not have the telephone or rural mail service. He was not taking the daily newspaper or magazine. The family reading consisted of the weekly, which usually did not devote an extravagant space to political affairs. This made it necessary to carry the campaign into the country precincts, and few were the schoolhouses, near or remote, that did not have a meeting. It was a great training school. Many of the noted men of Iowa—some who have since sat in the Cabinet or occupied the Speaker's chair or stood with "The applause of listening Senates to command"—commenced their public career in the country schoolhouse.

In the year in mind the managers of the Republican Party in my home county heard of a young man in Fort Dodge who had acquired some local reputation as a speaker and secured him for a series of schoolhouse speeches. Reports of the meetings reached the county seat and created so much interest that a closing rally was arranged for Saturday night. I attended the meeting and for the first time listened to the matchless eloquence of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

Soon after he was chosen temporary chairman of the Republican State convention, and from the date of his speech delivered on that occasion his career may be said to date. His rise to prominence was sudden, but his tenure secure. How few the public men of to-day who

can command an audience anywhere in our land and how few of this number could do so 20 years ago. How very few, in all our history, whose hold on the public continued with increasing power for more than a decade. DOLLIVER answered this test. Each year witnessed a steady and certain growth. From his recorded speeches you can trace the expanding intellect, the ripening wisdom, the accumulating knowledge, and increasing power with which his career was characterized.

DOLLIVER's achievements as an orator may be attributed to both natural endowment and personal attainment. He was gifted with rare intellectual faculties, an unbounded faith, a picturesque imagination, a unique humor, and, besides, had both a disposition and capacity for work. He acquired a storehouse of information along broad lines of history, science, biography, and literature. He was a student of social, economic, and political problems. He was unusually gifted in anecdote, homely illustration, and personal reminiscence; and all were so card-indexed in his memory that they seemed to come forth without effort just at the right time. The element of surprise was always present. You dwelt in expectancy. He would pass in easy rapidity from the most common and grotesque illustration to classic reference or philosophic observation. In this respect he was the same in private conversation as in public address.

During the latter years of his service he gave more attention to debate—the greatest crucible of a speaker's powers and resources—for then the moorings are severed and you must stand alone. DOLLIVER's success in the forensic arena surprised even his friends. It was there that all of his natural and acquired resources were brought into play. He was equipped with the weapons of attack and defense. His debates during the first and second sessions of the Sixty-first Congress will be historic.

Even his opponents and those against whom his attacks were directed admit his claims to greatness.

The purposes of this hour do not permit an extended analysis of the varied elements which merged in the ultimate fact of his power either as a debater or platform orator. His power could only be appreciated by those who came under its immediate presence, for in action his whole being seemed a part of his spoken word.

Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say his body thought.

The late Senator Ingalls may have surpassed him in satire and invective; Tom Corwin, in humor; Wendell Phillips, in sustained strains of lofty patriotic appeal; Webster, in the depth and profundity of his reasoning; but in the peculiar blending of all these various attributes DOLLIVER stands alone. He had no predecessor, and contemporary oratory discloses no successor.

It is impossible to measure the influence exerted by the orator. The writer can be judged by his books, the jurist by his decisions, the statesman by his measures, but the influence exerted by the orator is intangible. He appears before the crowded auditorium for an hour or so, passes on, and no one can tell how many have felt the impress of some new thought, some new hope; how many have been inspired to better things, or gathered new courage to go forth and battle for the right. Each life has but few intense moments, but in those few moments there is a rebirth whose influence goes on and on.

In the addresses of Senator DOLLIVER there was a vein of optimism. His buoyant faith forbade the contrary. It was natural for him to look upon the bright side. He had a cheerful and hopeful philosophy of life, and this was radiated in whatever circle he moved. There was

nothing depressing in his message, and this was particularly true when addressing young people, the boys and girls who were concluding their high school or university course, for on such occasions he transmitted to the minds and hearts of his young hearers a spirit of gratitude for the possibilities of our free institutions, inspired confidence to go forth into the battle of life, and held out to each and all the goal which could be attained through lives of virtue, industry, and courage.

To hear DOLLIVER was a stimulus for higher culture, better citizenship, and purer ideals of government. With him patriotism was almost a passion—patriotism in its broad and noble sense, that which stands for righteousness in public as well as private affairs. Viewed from this standpoint, who can estimate or measure the influence he exerted on society?

Others who have been associated with him during his career in the House, as well as in the Senate, have spoken of his public service as a legislator. He stood for justice; he fought for good government; he championed the cause of the people and of humanity in the broadest sense; he pleaded for that equality of opportunity which would plant the seed of hope in the humblest heart. In the storm center of controversy he stood erect. He was one of the central figures in an epoch-making period of our history and played a conspicuous part in the consideration of its important constructive legislation. "His name is enrolled in the Capitol," and no words of mine can add luster to his fame. It is sufficient to say that when some future historian writes the story of these times the name of JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER will be given a notable place.

DOLLIVER loved his adopted State and was beloved by it. Few men in the history of Iowa have been held in such affectionate regard. The reason for this lay not so much

in his public service and achievements as in his undefinable personality. He had a cordial greeting and hearty handclasp for all. He was easy of approach. Around him was no self-imposed barricade. He lived in the open. He had a guest chamber reserved for all who sought the hospitality of his friendship. There was ever an outcropping of boyish good feeling. Kindliness breathed in his words and was reflected in his manner. He did not cherish hatred, but used the strength thus saved as a magnet to draw his friends closer. His contests left no personal sting. Out of the bitterness of controversies arose the charity of the generous foe. Victory did not conceit him, nor defeat disturb his equipoise.

He was a many-sided man. He loved the varied phases of life. He was at home either in the drawing-room or the country store, in the marble halls of state or the cornfields of Iowa, with the greatest scholars, divines, and leaders of our time, or the unlettered fisherman, or the lowly workman with face and hands begrimed with honest toil, and responded with equal interest to every environment. He was genuinely and intensely human.

No one could know the filial love and reverence of DOLLIVER for his venerable father, and his devotion to wife, children, brothers, sisters, and friends, without forgetting all other things in admiration of these qualities of the man. These things were known to the people of Iowa. They are the real basis of friendship and love and faithful followers. These qualities shone to best advantage when alone with his friends, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." It is in such moments that the soul feels and the mind thinks aloud.

DOLLIVER's inheritance and early training shaped his life. He was born in Virginia during the days when it was the border line between the two great contending forces of this country over the greatest moral issue of

the age. His father was a Methodist minister—a circuit rider of the old days—and had that simple and intense faith of which apostles are made. DOLLIVER inherited these traits. He was strongly religious in the broad sense, and faith seemed to be his guiding star, and to this many of his friends attribute his success.

A short time before his death he was walking in the evening with one of his closest friends over the farm whose hills and fields and trees he loved so well, and where he sought refuge from the many pressing cares of public life. He was conversing in all the abandonment of confiding friendship, when suddenly he paused and, turning to his friend, said: “Do you know the most beautiful thing that was ever written? I’ll tell you what it is:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

“Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

“For though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

Recalling this scene afterwards, his friend remarked that it seemed as though he must have felt at that time the shadows gathering about him.

I shall never forget the scene at the grave side of DOLLIVER. It was a cold, rainy, drear October day. It seemed as though nature itself was in mourning. At the conclusion of the simple burial service Mrs. Dolliver, stepping to the side of Bishop McDowell, asked him to

lead in singing the hymn "We shall Meet in the Sweet By and By," and as he did so Mrs. Dolliver and the brother and sister and other members of the family and then the friends who had gathered there joined in the singing. As the sad and broken-hearted circle stood around the grave with its lowering casket laden with loving flowers at the moment of final parting with all that was mortal of the loved husband, father, brother, and friend, the words of that beautiful, hopeful, and consoling hymn, borne on voices bathed with tears and freighted with grief, created an impression on my mind which time can never efface. It told better than any words can describe that indefinable faith which was the sustaining power and consolation of the Dolliver family, for only such a faith could sing such a song under such circumstances. It robbed the grave of its terrors, when faith lifted our eyes to the reunion when "we shall meet in the sweet by and by."

ADDRESS OF MR. KENNEDY, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: This is the second time in a period of two years that our delegation has assembled to pay a tribute of respect to a deceased Senator of our State. On a former occasion we met to commemorate the life and service to the Nation of the late Senator Allison, whose death came at a ripe old age after a period of ill health, and his death was not unexpected. To-day we are here for a similar purpose—to pay a tribute of respect to the late Senator DOLLIVER, whose sudden and unexpected death came as a blow to the people of the State and Nation at a time when the eyes of the public were focused on him as a commanding figure in the United States Senate, a position attained by his unusual ability and industry.

Senator DOLLIVER was not a native of Iowa; he was reared in West Virginia, where he secured his education, finishing in the university of that State. He then moved to Fort Dodge, where he engaged in the practice of law and where he lived up to the time of his death.

It was fitting that the end should come amid scenes so dear to him, surrounded by people all of whom were his friends, who had seen him rise from the obscurity of a young lawyer to the highest position within the gift of the State.

His public career started at an early age; he had not been long in Iowa until the opportunity offered to show his power as a speaker. He was chosen temporary chairman of a State convention, and his address on that occasion demonstrated his power as a speaker and paved the way for his future political success.

Senator DOLLIVER's services in Congress covered a period of some 20 years, 10 of which were as a Member of this body, where he was loved and esteemed for his genial, companionable disposition and admired for his skill and ability as a debater. On the death of Senator Gear he was chosen to fill the vacancy, where he served with distinction until the time of his death.

He first attracted national attention when he toured the country in the campaign of 1881, speaking from the same platform with Gen. Logan, who was in that campaign a candidate for Vice President. Since that time he participated in every campaign and spoke in all parts of the country. He was known to the people of the country at large as an orator of unusual eloquence and a debater of great skill, but to those who enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance he disclosed many distinguishing characteristics. He was an optimist in its fullest sense and always looked on the bright side of things. His bright sayings and humor enlivened any company in which he might be thrown. These traits made him most companionable and endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship. He was proud of Iowa, and her people loved and honored him, and all join in deploring his untimely death.

ADDRESS OF MR. LENROOT, OF WISCONSIN

MR. SPEAKER: It is the custom of the House and Senate to eulogize their Members who have passed away. It is the custom to speak nothing but good of the dead, and pay tribute to the qualities which endeared them to us in life. In speaking of Senator DOLLIVER, however, the highest tribute that language can express is merited to the last degree. Because he lived, the door of opportunity is opened a little wider for every American boy. The future is a little brighter for every man who earns his bread by honest toil. He was a tower of strength to the cause of a "government of and by and for the people." One of our greatest orators, a man of remarkable intellectual ability, an indefatigable worker, devoting his talents to the service of his country, we shall not soon see his like again.

The last years of his life were his best years—years full of unselfish service for the public good. He felt weighing heavily upon him the burdens of 90,000,000 of people. With keen vision he saw "the wrongs that round us lie" in our national and social life, and with untiring energy, with a zeal like unto that of the Apostles of old, he sought to correct them. He saw that this Republic could not endure unless the doctrine of equality of opportunity for all men shall again become one of its chief foundation stones. Because of DOLLIVER's life politics are to-day upon a higher level, and the coming of that day is hastened—

When each man seeks his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

DOLLIVER was not a pessimist. He was not a painter of dark pictures of our future. On the contrary, he saw a brighter and better day coming than had ever been known—a day when this should be in a greater degree than ever before a land of equal opportunity, where all would share in the fruits of our prosperity according to their merits and habits of industry.

In his last great speech in the Senate, last June, he gave expression to this in these words, which have already been quoted by Judge Hubbard, but they will bear repetition:

The day is coming—it is a good deal nearer than many think—when a new sense of justice, new inspirations, new volunteer enthusiasms for good government shall take possession of the hearts of all our people. The time is at hand when the laws will be respected by great and small alike; when fabulous millions piled hoard upon hoard by cupidity and greed and used to finance the ostentations of modern life shall be no longer a badge even of distinction but of discredit rather, and it may be of disgrace; a good time coming, when this people shall so frame their statutes as to protect alike the enterprises of rich and poor in the greatest market place which God has ever given to His children, and when the rule of justice, intrenched in the habits of the whole community, will put away all unseemly fears of panic and disaster, when the enforcement of the laws is suggested by the courts. It is a time nearer than we dare to think. A thousand forces are making for it. It is the fruitage of these Christian centuries, the fulfillment of the prayers and dreams of the men and women who have laid the foundations of this Commonwealth and with infinite sacrifice maintained these institutions.

DOLLIVER was not a rich man, but he left to his family and his countrymen a heritage more to be prized than dollars counted in millions—a record of service to his fellow men. By his life it has been proven again, as it has so many times in the past, that

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favour rather than silver or gold.

During the memorable tariff session of 1909 I had occasion to know something of Senator DOLLIVER's work. I had occasion to know that he and that little group of Senators associated with him were giving their very lives to the public service. During those sultry summer days they fought the people's battles during the day in the Senate, and after adjournment worked far into the night and even until morning preparing for the next day's struggle. They gave no thought to personal health or convenience. They were "soldiers of the common good," fighting for the public welfare with as much courage, with as much self-sacrifice, aye, with as much danger as the warrior patriot who faces the cannon's mouth upon the field of battle.

The struggle of that session and the succeeding one undermined DOLLIVER's health and he is dead, sacrificing his life for his country as truly as any who died upon Bunker Hill or the field of Gettysburg.

In Senator DOLLIVER the country has lost a great statesman, a valiant soldier for the common welfare, and those of us who were privileged to know him have lost a personal friend.

It is not gold, but only man
Can make a people great and strong,
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
These build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

Such a man was DOLLIVER, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENDALL, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: There are occasions in human experience when the heart so overflows with sadness that it is difficult for the lips to perform their ordinary office. I am oppressed by such embarrassment at this hour when I undertake to render appropriate eulogium upon the life and character of the departed friend to whom I was so devotedly attached.

DOLLIVER is dead. His removal, just when opportunity for a larger and a nobler usefulness than any he had previously enjoyed opened with such assured promise before him, was a tragedy inconceivably sorrowful. The cruel billows roared his sunken ship as he entered mid-ocean, in the happiest, sunniest hour of all his voyage, and the imperial Commonwealth which delighted to decorate him with the rarest distinctions it had to confer is involved in inconsolable bereavement. For Iowa loved the man. He was her favorite son. Others are secure in her affectionate regard, but only DOLLIVER, the foremost orator in the world, was enshrined in the innermost recesses of her loyal heart.

He came to her in his early youth, an obscure stranger, uncouth and unsophisticated, from the mountain country of the Old Dominion. But he was not long destined to remain unknown. The State first became acquainted with him in 1881, when, at the annual convention of our party, he introduced himself to the consideration of the people in a philippic of such marvelous effectiveness that it is cherished yet as a masterpiece of controversial litera-

ture. A mere boy, I listened entranced by his fascinating eloquence, and cheered myself hoarse in the tremendous applause which approved his transcendent periods. It was a day of political delirium. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency, and his adherents, overwhelmingly in the majority in Iowa, were inspired with a passionate abandon which has never since been equaled in our party contests. It was an epoch when extreme partisan conviction announced itself in extravagant public expression. One of the picturesque phrases in that wonderful address is in my memory at this moment: "When slavery died, the Democratic Party was too old to marry again." The dramatic scene which ensued is as vividly before me as though it had been enacted yesterday. The brilliant epigram appealing to emotions already aroused to intensity, the assembled thousands hysterical with rapturous excitement, and DOLLIVER, the impersonation of immeasurable energy, the apotheosis of infinite power!

From that moment to his death his career was a matter of common concern, and it was a series of uninterrupted triumphs. In each recurring campaign he traversed the Republic from boundary to boundary, summoning the hosts of patriotism to renew their allegiance at the fountains of enthusiasm. He became at once the most conspicuous and interesting figure in the national arena. He was welcomed everywhere—from Maine to California—and everywhere the multitudes responded captive to his persuasive speech. In 1888 he was elected to this House, and after 13 years of distinguished service here he was transferred to the Senate of the United States, where he continued with increasing influence until the pallid messenger beckoned him to depart.

His eminent record in official station is familiar to his countrymen, and to them it is bequeathed as an inestimable heritage. I can not embark upon its detailed

analysis now. We do not forget the qualities in which he was so unapproached, his learning so unusual in its variety, his intellect so unexcelled in its resources, his statesmanship so exceptional in its fruitfulness, his oratory so incomparable in its invective, his humor so irresistible in its satire; but now that he is finally and irrevocably gone, what we most remember was his integrity of heart under the temptations of preferment, his simplicity of soul under the blandishments of ambition, his serenity of spirit under the aspersions of criticism, his unselfish consecration to the service of his fellow men. From a private soldier in the ranks of conservatism he was evolved by the shock of battle into a principal trumpeter in the army of righteousness. His endowment was unprecedented, and he dedicated it all without reservation to the welfare of his people. He despised the wrong, no matter how formidably intrenched, and he exalted the right, no matter how seriously beleaguered. He loved his country, her history, her institutions, her citizenship; and he sacrificed himself to the uttermost for the establishment of her prosperity and honor. And just when wider avenues of enduring achievement invited him, the Divine Omnipotence called him home. He believed implicitly in the inspiration of the Scriptures, in the atonement through faith, and in the life everlasting. In the chastened sweetness of this memorial hour we can not doubt that as the dutiful son, the devoted husband, the indulgent father crossed to the bourn from which no traveler returns, his weary ears were gladdened by the triumphant benediction of the great Master, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

ADDRESS OF MR. HULL, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: I desire to add a word to the memory of the man I knew so well, and one for whom I have so profound an admiration. I knew Senator DOLLIVER before the great speech at the State convention that made him famous throughout the Nation. As a young man, after his first start in the local politics at Fort Dodge, his fame widened more rapidly than that of any man I have ever known in public life. To my mind his life furnishes another of the splendid examples of what can be accomplished in this country by the young man who is true to his own interests and labors for the advancement and upbuilding of what he believes to be for the good of the people. He had absolutely none of the powerful aids which sometimes push a young man forward. As has been said, his father was a Methodist circuit rider in the mountains of West Virginia. He worked his own way through college, he worked his own way through the study of law, taught school, or accepted any humble employment that came to his hand by which he maintained his own independence and his own self-respect. From these humble beginnings he came to be, at the early age of 52, a commanding figure in the national life of this great Republic.

But, Mr. Speaker, I want to speak of him more as a young man. When I first knew him it looked as if he had before him a long life, with his splendid physique and excellent habits. As a young man he had the power of winning men, of winning to himself the confidence

and affection of the older public men of Iowa of that day. His relationship to Gov. Carpenter was referred to by the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Clark]. Gov. Carpenter was one of the men Iowa delighted to honor. Mr. DOLLIVER was a citizen of Fort Dodge, and when Gov. Carpenter was occupying the executive chair he was all the time looking to the upbuilding of the younger men of the State, and he was the friend that did more to promote the early interests of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER than any other man in Iowa. And DOLLIVER won to himself the affectionate regard of all the older men and never aroused the jealousy of the younger. He won friends and kept them, and to me, as he passed from one advancement to another, and to his other friends in Iowa older than he, there was a cause of congratulation and rejoicing that honors came to him.

There was a time in his life, in 1900, when the Presidency was in his reach; and if he had been a self-seeking man, if he had pushed his own fortunes, if he had backed up the President of the United States, William McKinley, and his great political manager, Mark Hanna, in their desire to have him for the Vice Presidency, I do not believe that any power could have prevented his being Vice President, and stepping up from that place, when the great President passed beyond, into the highest office of the Republic. Those of us who knew JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER have the firm belief that he would have discharged the duties of that high office so as to merit the plaudits of the entire American people. He was a Republican. He was on purely party questions a partisan, but he was beyond that a man that loved his fellow man. There is no man of the opposite party who ever charged JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER with doing him or his party any wrong. He met in fair debate all comers and, as has been said by the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Clark], the last years of

his life disclosed the fact that as a debater he ranked among the very best this country has ever produced.

I want to say further, Mr. Speaker, that JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER's success was not an accident. He was a close student all his life. In his younger days he laid the foundation of a broad culture so deep and well that when he builded the superstructure he had a fund to draw upon that was practically inexhaustible. No speech of his, no great effort of his was ever given to the public until it had passed through his great mind and had been revised and corrected and improved until it met the high criticism of his own judgment as something ready to give to the public. I know that in many cases men are misled with the belief that great men make but little preparation and speak out of the abundance of their great ability. No greater wrong can come to the young than to have that idea. There is no excellence without labor. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER reached the highest excellence in his chosen walk of life because he shrank from no labor.

Mr. Speaker, it is a matter of great regret to many of his lifelong friends that the closing days of his life were somewhat embittered by the factional fights engendered in this country, but as the story of the past shall grow more dim, as the passions shall pass away, and the history of his time and life be written, there will be nothing to mar its perfect symmetry, nothing to cast the shadow upon his memory or his name. He was beloved in life and his memory will be cherished by those that live now and knew him, and his family will receive from the good people of Iowa and of the Nation the sympathy that should go to them, bereaved of this great husband and father and citizen and patriot.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULZER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune to know Senator DOLLIVER long and intimately. He and I were friends for many years, and his unexpected death was a great shock to me personally as well as a national loss to all the people of our country. Hence, on this memorable occasion I desire to place on record my sincere tribute to the memory of my friend and to say a few simple words regarding his life, his character, and his great public services to the Republic.

JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER was born near Kingwood, Preston County, Va. (now West Virginia), February 6, 1858; graduated in 1875 from the West Virginia University; was admitted to the bar in 1878; never held any political office until elected to the Fifty-first Congress as a Representative from the Tenth Congressional District of Iowa; was a Member of the House also in the Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, and Fifty-sixth Congresses; on August 23, 1900, was appointed United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. J. H. Gear; was elected January 21, 1902, to succeed himself; and reelected in 1907. Had he lived, his term of service would have expired on March 3, 1913. Such, in brief, is the record of this noble man and distinguished public servant, whose untimely death we mourn to-day.

Senator DOLLIVER was a true man, a lover of justice, a believer in the supremacy of law, a friend of the cause

that lacked assistance. He stood for the principles of right, for fair play, and believed in the equal opportunity vouchsafed to everyone under the dome of the Union sky. He was an optimist—no skeptic, no scoffer, no cynic. He was broad and liberal in his views, had charity for all, trusted the people, and never lost faith in humanity. He believed the world was growing better. He knew himself, believed in the destiny of the Republic, and made the corner stone of his convictions that great cardinal principle—equal rights to all, special privileges to no one.

He hated cant and despised hypocrisy. He had no use for a trickster, a trimmer, or a trader. He had a sunshiny, genial disposition and a forgiving spirit that never harbored revenge. He had true eloquence and was one of the most effective orators of his time. He was a plain, simple man who loved mankind. He was an indulgent father, a loving husband, and a faithful friend. He will live in the hearts of those he left behind, and to do this is not to die. He was an indefatigable worker and succeeded in accomplishing what he undertook to do. He met Napoleon's test—he did things. He was a true friend of the plain people, the implacable foe of private monopoly, of discriminating legislation that robs the many for the benefit of the few, and he made the Constitution the north star of his political life. He was the fearless champion of the oppressed and lived for the good that he could do. He tried to lift his fellow man up to a higher plane and help him forward on the highway of progress and of civilization. He was a fearless man, and ever dared to do what he thought was right regardless of consequences. He was a faithful public official and died in the service of his country.

Senator DOLLIVER's work is done. His career on earth is finished. He has run his course; he kept the faith; he

fought the good fight; he has reaped his everlasting reward in the great beyond, and we, his friends, can all say truthfully, well done thou good and faithful servant, a grateful people will ever keep thy memory green.

In halls of state he stood for many years
Like fabled knight, his visage all aglow,
Receiving, giving sternly, blow for blow,
Champion of right! But from eternity's far shore
Thy spirit will return to join the strife no more,
Rest, citizen, statesman, rest; thy troubled life is o'er.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAWSON, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: In the untimely death of Senator J. P. DOLLIVER Iowa loses one of her most faithful and devoted public servants, the Senate its most powerful debater, the Nation a patriotic and fearless leader, and humanity an advocate who was untiring in his zeal for its welfare and betterment. Stricken at the zenith of his power as an orator and statesman, his death at the early age of 52 years is greatly to be lamented, and his memory will long be revered not only by the people of Iowa, but of the Nation generally.

The life story of Senator DOLLIVER is an inspiration to the youth of the land, who will gain strength and courage from a knowledge of the struggles and the triumphs of this young man, who rose from the obscurity of poverty and by the force of character and intellect and industry won his way to a commanding position in the Congress of the United States and to an eminence that exerted a powerful influence on the public thought of the age.

His early life was a struggle against adversity. After his graduation from the University of West Virginia, at the age of 17, he came west and applied for one of the rural schools in Dekalb County, Ill. While waiting the decision of the school board he occupied his time working on a farm, and it is related that when the board sought him to discuss his employment as teacher they found him at work digging potatoes, barefooted and clad in a pair of overalls. During the two years of his career

as a teacher his spare moments were employed in reading law, and in 1878 the future Senator and his older brother decided to locate at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and open a law office.

Clients were few and far between, and the law firm led a precarious existence. I recall a vivid description of their early struggles by the Senator himself. "After we had given the landlady our last cent," he said, "we removed our personal belongings to the law office, where we slept on the floor and did our own cooking." By and by his brother gave up the fight and returned to the old home in West Virginia to enter the ministry. Then, to quote the Senator's own words:

I was left alone. I had no money. Once I worked on the public road for \$1.50 a day. But I kept cheerful, and in the evenings I would go down to the drug store and talk politics. Unexpectedly I was nominated and elected corporation counsel at a salary of \$200 a year. Right there I ceased to be an intermittent day laborer on the streets, and thereafter Fort Dodge knew me only as a lawyer.

At the age of 26 he leaped into political prominence by a speech as temporary chairman of the Republican State convention of Iowa, held in the spring of 1881. That speech attracted national attention, and as a result of it he bore a conspicuous part in the memorable presidential campaign of that year, traveling for a time and speaking with James G. Blaine. Four years later, in 1888, he was chosen to represent the tenth congressional district of Iowa in this House, and for more than 10 years he was a Member of this body. When the Dingley tariff was enacted Mr. DOLLIVER was a member of the Committee on Ways and Means and distinguished himself in the work of framing and passing that law.

On the death of Senator John H. Gear, Mr. DOLLIVER was promoted from the House to the Senate. He filled a

conspicuous rôle in the railroad-rate legislation of the last administration, the Hepburn-Dolliver law being to a large extent the product of his labors. But it was during the tariff debate in the present Congress that he achieved his greatest fame. In that memorable debate he showed a mastery of his subject, a skill in its presentation, and a command of logic and argument which stamped his speeches as the most powerful that were made during that memorable contest.

Few men in all the history of the United States Senate have equaled Senator DOLLIVER for eloquence and force of speech. He possessed the gift of eloquence to an exceptional degree, and was equally effective on the popular platform and in the more exacting requirements of senatorial debate. His oratory was scholarly and philosophic, and with an imposing presence, a full, deep voice, a profuse and scintillating vocabulary, and a never-failing supply of wit and humor, he had the happy faculty of winning the rapt attention of every person within the sound of his voice.

I desire, Mr. Speaker, to add an analytical appreciation of his oratorical power from the pen of his life-long friend and neighbor, Hon. George E. Roberts:

In him were combined in rare degree all the qualifications of a political orator. There have been other popular campaigners in Iowa during his time, each with his own effective characteristics, but J. P. DOLLIVER was in a class by himself. Neither on the stump nor in Congress was there anyone who combined the scholar, the statesman, and the orator as they were combined in him.

In the first place, he had the philosophic, reflective mind that views every subject in the large way and seizes intuitively upon fundamentals. His grasp of principles was sure. He was thoroughly educated and informed, his reading and culture were so broad that he was always abreast of the best thought of the time. His campaigns over the tenth district were an educational influ-

ence upon this people. He pitched every discussion upon a high plane. His style was distinctly his own, simple and homely in a way, but wonderfully effective in statement, and combining with this the grace and finish and pathos of the accomplished orator. His literary sense was true and his judgment of material unerring. There was no straining for effect. He had the imagination that is the soul of great oratory—the imagination of the seer, the poet, and the statesman. He was logical, but much more than logical; his mental processes outran the methods of logic and summed up the argument in a sentence. He thought in pictures and epigrams. His wit was illuminating, but humorous rather than biting. He could use sarcasm with terrible effect, but was not malicious enough to delight in it. In his earlier years he used it freely in a good-humored way at the expense of his political adversaries, but outgrew that in his maturity and treated everybody with the respect that he really felt for sincere opinions. He seldom told a story or read an extract, preferring, as well he might, to make his points in his own language. There was nothing approaching coarseness or vulgarity in his speeches, but always the charm of clear, apt, and vigorous statement couched in the most felicitous phrase. He could take a commonplace or abstruse subject, and before either the academy of political science or a country school-house audience invest it with vital interest. He knew the people of this country with sympathetic familiarity from the highest to the lowliest, was in touch with every class, at home with all, understood them all, and knew the way to their hearts.

His mind was fertile, active, imaginative, and his gift of language was extraordinary; but after all is said, the capacity for hard work had more to do with his success than is commonly understood. His broad culture was not obtained without effort. He was an omnivorous reader; he was a most industrious student of every subject which he undertook to discuss. He came to Iowa when the greenback issue was uppermost, and he read the literature of the question completely, including the congressional debates when the greenbacks were issued. He had the same knowledge of the silver question, and his masterly treatment of that subject in the tenth district showed the same capacity for thorough analysis and convincing argument that was revealed to the Senate in the tariff debate.

In striking contrast to most men possessed of his extraordinary qualifications, Senator DOLLIVER did not naturally crave the distinction and honors of leadership. He lacked the egotism of most political leaders. He was singularly free from any trace of conceit. None of his intimate friends ever saw an expression of it. He never lost his modest poise or was without his sense of humor for a moment. He was therefore nothing of the political boss. He was supreme in the tenth district by his own preeminence, not by the power of a machine. He had no taste for machine politics, no disposition to call upon his friends to do political service. Among politicians this was counted a weakness, as he was said to lack trading strength. It is true that he was never strong in the arts of manipulation. His strength was in his superb powers as an advocate upon the issues, and there he was almost without an equal in any forum.

But, with all the admiration which his talents and ability commanded, DOLLIVER the man was even greater than DOLLIVER the orator and statesman. He had a charming personality, and to know him was to be his friend. He had a heart as big as his great body and an unfailing geniality which made friends rapidly and retained them easily.

His life was the exemplification of the words of George Linnaeus Banks:

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Senator DOLLIVER was an optimist, full of kindness and rare good humor. He was generous by nature, obliging in disposition, and possessed a heart filled with human sympathy.

He had a warm spot in his heart for the rising generation, and among his greatest delights was to be helpful to the youth of the land. In the impressive funeral services at Fort Dodge last October there was no sentiment uttered that rang truer than the one offered by Mr. Harvey Ingham when he said that —

Senator DOLLIVER left the door a little wider open for the common boy and girl.

It can be truthfully said that Senator DOLLIVER gave his life to the service of his country as truly as ever did any soldier on the field of battle. The days and nights of toil which he put in during the special and regular sessions of the present Congress overtaxed his strength, and when he left Washington last summer he was broken in health. During the special session it was not unusual for him to be found zealously studying the intricacies of tariff schedules far into the night, in preparation for his great fight on certain rates in the Payne bill.

He had forged to the front with a display of unusual powers, which not only established him in a position of great power in the Senate of the United States, but had lifted him to that more select class who actually leave a lasting impress upon the life and thought of their day and generation. That tariff debate in the summer of 1909 revealed Senator DOLLIVER as the most powerful debater in that body, and as a man who possessed the moral courage to break with his party before he would with his conscience.

Under these most extraordinary circumstances the sorrow of the people is intensified by the thought that he laid down his life in a zealous effort to protect their rights, and just at the time when he was entering that period of his life which promised the greatest usefulness and power.

Mr. Speaker, I desire to add a few brief tributes from some of the leading public men of our State and country to the memory of our departed friend, whose memory we honor this day by these services:

Gov. B. F. Carroll:

Of all the able men that our State has given to public service few have arisen to that mark of distinction attained by Senator DOLLIVER, especially as an exponent of public questions. His friends extend beyond the limits of our Nation, and his splendid ability and patriotic devotion to public duty are recognized by all who knew him. Our State will deeply mourn the loss of this brilliant and able statesman and public servant. His career as a public official, covering near a quarter of a century, was full of events, and his promise of useful service to his State and the Nation was full of hopeful fruition. In his death both the State and the Nation sustain a great loss, and his memory will long be cherished by a loyal and patriotic people.

Hon. S. F. Prouty:

I had learned to regard Senator DOLLIVER as one of the greatest benefactors of the masses of the people, and as one of the greatest men of the West, if not of the entire country. He had a peculiar power of expression that was particularly effective, and he used this power in the cause of the masses of the people.

Hon. H. M. Towner:

Regardless of factional or, indeed, of party alignment, Iowa will mourn the loss of her brilliant and distinguished Senator. He was so distinctly an Iowan that his loss is personal and intimate to our people, but the Nation has lost from its great forum its greatest orator and most able debater. There will be universal sorrow at his death.

Hon. W. W. Morrow:

When the political history of this country is written, the name of JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER will be inscribed in glowing phrases as one of the greatest orators and ablest leaders of the age. He was a great man, a grand man, and one we all respected.

Hon. J. L. Bleakley:

His long and faithful service for the State, his untiring energy, and his patriotic zeal in behalf of his country will be written on the undying pages of history.

Hon. George D. Perkins:

Senator DOLLIVER was of buoyant disposition. He had experience with the shadows, but it was his delight to be in the play of gentle atmosphere, warmed by the sun. He was a noble son, husband, father, brother. He counted not as sacrifice whatever measure of service he could render for those he loved. In all his relations he was a genial, likable man. Bitterness was not born with him, nor could it find root in the generosity of his disposition. He had the strength for heavy blows, but the tenderness of his heart made quick burial of enmities.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt:

Senator DOLLIVER'S death is a great misfortune to the country, especially at this time. He was a public man whose character, ability, and loyalty to the interests of the people I especially admired.

Hon. C. W. Fairbanks:

Senator DOLLIVER was one of the best men the country has ever produced, a friend whom we all admired and loved.

Col. Henry Watterson:

Whom the gods love die young. Senator DOLLIVER had at least the good fortune that comes to those whose ship goes down "when eager winds are kissing every sail." He was spared the shipwreck of hope that is suffered by hard-working public servants who realize in their old age that improving human institutions is a form of activity that promises greater labor than reward.

ADDRESS OF MR. MARTIN, OF SOUTH DAKOTA

MR. SPEAKER: A great man has fallen at the meridian of his greatness, and the Nation mourns his loss with a universal sorrow. DOLLIVER was a young man when death came, and there seemed to have been every promise that his greatest achievements were still before him. And yet 22 years of his life was spent in the Congress of the United States, a much longer period than the average service of statesmen and other men of public affairs. Besides, life is not measured by length of days, but by human heart throbs, transcendent purposes, and noble deeds. Measured by these standards, his was a long life and his career was well rounded and mature.

JONATHAN DOLLIVER was a child of genius. His oratorical powers were as truly a gift of Nature as the genius of the sculptor, the painter, or the poet. Rhetoric is an accomplishment of the schools. Oratory may be enriched and embellished by cultivation and by the deep experiences of human life; but the orator is born, not made. The ability to hold and sway audiences as under a spell of magnetism, the ability to blunt a logical deduction by a word or the wave of a hand, or to destroy a sophistry with a single epigram—these are rare powers, possessed by but few men, who bear the unmistakable stamp of genius. DOLLIVER sprang into national prominence in a single great speech in the Republican State convention of Iowa in 1881. He became at once a national character. He was in great demand on political

and popular platforms everywhere. His name would insure a crowd in any part of the country. He never lost the ability to maintain the reputation that his first great speech had given him. The most masterful utterances of his whole career were his last two or three great speeches in the Senate. They marshal the fundamental principles of popular government with eloquence seldom equaled in legislative debate, and they define the field and scope as well as the limitations of political parties with such clearness of view and such convincing logic as to make them classics in political literature.

At the time of his death Senator DOLLIVER was the strongest individual force in the movement now shaping toward the popularization of the United States Senate.

He liked the democratic quality of the House of Representatives. He had just gone to the Senate when I came to the House in 1901. He came back frequently to watch debate in this body. He missed the free forum in which he had served so long, and had not yet adapted himself to the more dignified procedure of the Senate. He liked legislation by conflict and had not acquired the habit of legislation by courtesy. He gloried in the blunt truthfulness of a forum of debate in which an uninteresting speech is made to empty seats, but where the man with a message soon fills the chairs and, as interest becomes intense, Members gather closely around the orator like the folds of a garment.

"Martin," he said to me one day, "the House of Representatives is the most democratic legislative body in the world. Here a man sinks or swims, according to his talents."

Later he mastered the legislative procedure of the Senate, and his great powers were never in better form than when balanced by the limitations of senatorial debate; and yet he was always, in the broadest sense, a represen-

tative of the people. He viewed all legislation in its bearing upon the general welfare. Instinctively he saw the line of separation between the encroachments of special interests and the well-being of all the people. Instantly his militant armor was on, and he was in the arena in the midst of the battle for popular rights. He was never a demagogue, but always a knight of the common good.

DOLLIVER was a profound student of the principles of our Government. He was rooted and grounded in the fundamental principles of human rights and relations. And he was never lost in the task which a statesman always has before him of applying the fundamental principles to the varying problems of the hour. No man of our generation could set forth these essential principles in more attractive form or with more telling effect.

DOLLIVER's humor was constant and sparkling, like a clear stream of water gurgling from a spring. His wit was a burnished saber of offense and defense. His satire cut clean as a lance, but was never dipped in poison. His fun was never more appreciated than when the joke was on himself. I heard him say that he was once forced into a candidacy for the Vice Presidency of the United States through the friendly intentions of Col. West, then of the Washington Post, but that he got out by "unanimous consent." How delicious was his remark in the tariff debate that the two noteworthy events of the year 1909 were the revision of the tariff downward by the Senator from Rhode Island and the discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook. No man ever excelled him in the use of epigrammatic speech. More than once has he slain a humbug with a humorous epigram. I want a copy of the volumes that must be published of DOLLIVER's public addresses, beginning with his speech before the Iowa convention in 1881. When these volumes are published I

believe they will present the most readable and illuminating history obtainable of the political development of the past quarter of a century.

One of the marvels of DOLLIVER's talents was his mastery over the details of great questions. Great orators are often generalizers and neglectful of details. Not so with DOLLIVER. I have heard men express the opinion that DOLLIVER was not a close student of the intricate details of public questions. With that view I disagree absolutely. There is no single question more difficult and laborious in its mastery than the tariff question. Yet there are few, if any, men with a better understanding of that problem than had Senator DOLLIVER. He began his study of those intricate problems with Dingley and McKinley in the House, and his laborious methods carried him over every phase of every schedule and into the consideration of the effect of tariff rates upon all American industries and upon the general progress of all the people.

No man mastered the subject with a more statesman-like grasp, and no man was a safer adviser on tariff questions. Had DOLLIVER been chairman of the Committee on Finance, or even a member of that committee, as by all the precedents he ought to have been, some recent tariff history would have been differently written, and the Republican Party, in whose policies he so implicitly believed, would have been saved some of the embarrassments which have since fallen to its lot.

Over all JONATHAN DOLLIVER's character as a man towers monumentlike, the most striking quality in his unusual career. His sturdy parents endowed him richly in mind and heart and rugged manhood, but in no quality was he more generously favored than in his deep, abiding religious faith. With unerring certainty he discovered the moral quality in every great public controversy.

He came to the defense of a good cause with all the force of his nature, and he could unmask a sham or pretense with a completeness that would render further deception impossible.

An acute moral sense is the best political asset that a public man can possess. It will help him to detect the right of a public dispute when the processes of reason and logic are slow and unreliable. That he followed implicitly his convictions of the right in every situation must have been apparent to every close observer. Among the many evidences of this is this passage from one of the latest of his speeches in the Senate:

In the course which I have pursued in the Senate I have always endeavored to find out, if I could, the path appearing to lead in the direction of the common welfare. I have never been able to know, as questions arose, whether or not the course I had chosen led in the direction of my personal political fortune. In fact, I have had absolutely no motive for caring whether it did or not.

Senator DOLLIVER's home relations afford us a view of the most beautiful picture of his life. His wife was to him a most trusted counselor and companion. His children were the most sacred of his earthly blessings. From such a haven of inspiration he went forth daily to battle for the highest ideals and to bear a manly part in the worthy struggle to bring the greatest good to all men.

In the closing hours of a busy Congress no one can do full justice to the memory of this remarkable man. As one of his intimate and admiring friends, I can do no less than to offer this modest tribute of appreciation of one of the kindest and most gifted men our country has ever known.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOOD, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: This occasion has its lesson, this day its sadness. The lesson is found in the life of a great and good man; the sadness in his untimely death. We glory in the achievements of JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER; in his death we mourn a Nation's irreparable loss.

It is not given to the mind of man to prescribe a formula for greatness. The component elements of the human mind, their relations to each other, and their harmonious blending in the human compound of greatness must forever remain one of the secrets of this life. Dark and mysterious as are the questions upon which the solution of this problem depends, yet we see in the life of every man characteristics that make for him his place in the world, be that place great or small.

Senator DOLLIVER inherited the strong religious tendencies of his father. He had a childlike faith in a Supreme and Overruling Providence. He loved the Bible, and his public address and private conversation reflected a deep study of it and an unwavering belief in its precepts. To his simple faith and trust in a God whose name is Love was due his great optimism, his buoyancy of spirit, and his cheerful disposition.

The human side of Senator DOLLIVER was most strongly developed, and to this fact more than any other is due his greatness. A feeling for others was a predominating characteristic in his life. To help make his country a better abiding place for his fellow man was his ambition and his aim. Unmindful of his own welfare, he drew all too freely upon his great strength in working

for the good of others. Altruistic himself, he despised all forms of selfishness in others. In him—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with
might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of
sight.

As a legislator he was alert to discover the plans of the designing and the selfish. He frequently expressed his abhorrence of lobbyists by applying to them the term of "dirty workers." His ear was always open to the story of stunted children, toil-worn shop girls, and starving miners. His time and his strength were always at their command that he might make their road easier and their burden lighter. He gave all too freely of his wonderful intellect, his almost limitless strength, and his big heart to secure the enactment of such laws as would give every man a more even chance with every other man. If measured as the world measures greatness, others have surpassed him, but if measured by heart throbs for his fellow man, few have equaled him.

In the humanity of DOLLIVER was found his true greatness. He rose rapidly from the position of a country lawyer to that of a Senator of the United States. Of the 52 years of his life 21 years were spent in Congress. From the time of his entrance in this House until his death he was recognized as one of the greatest political orators, not only of his day, but of all time. His rise was as rapid as his place was permanent.

Twice DOLLIVER could have been the nominee of his party for the exalted position of Vice President of the United States. And twice he refused to permit his name to go before the nominating convention. Honors came to him in rapid succession, but none of them nor all of them combined were able to swerve him from his devotion to

the service of the common citizen. All the honors which he achieved and the distinctions which came to him only drew him closer to those whose cause he had long championed. They served to strengthen the bond of sympathy between him and the common man.

Senator DOLLIVER's life was a complete answer to Kipling's test:

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch.

He did more than this. Neither his recognition as an orator nor his elevation to high political positions caused him to lose his sympathy for or his interest in the common people. These achievements only strengthened the bond of brotherhood between himself and his fellow man. He looked out upon the life we live and saw that the greater half of life's misery came not from frost or drought, fire or flood, pestilence or famine, disease or death, but from the selfishness of men, from the want of brotherhood, the lack of fellowship. In the millions of loveless homes, in the bickering of employer and employee, in the flaunting insolence of newly won riches and ill-gotten gain, in the bickerings of trade, and the crimes of the calendar, in laws which were violated, in hopes which were blasted, and in hearts that were broken—in all these he saw witness to the greed and selfishness of man. His great humanity directed the field for his statesmanship, the forum for his oratory and the secret of his great success.

Gentleness and kindness were visible expressions of his great humanity. He was as gentle as a child and as tender as a woman. The hurt of a friend plunged him in sorrow, the joy of an associate bathed him in sunbeams.

This dominant characteristic in the life of Senator DOLLIVER also found expression in his great love of

nature. He loved the rugged oak and the spreading elm; the squirrels and the birds were his companions and friends as he strolled in the woodland. He loved his farm, and on many occasions expressed the wish that he might retire there and spend the rest of his days free from factional and political strife.

The quiet and unselfish life in which the farm abounds appealed most strongly to his nature. He loved its simple life, the genuineness of its people, the changes of the seasons and the homely farm scene; the spring with its freshness and its fragrance; the summer with its fields of growing grain waving in the sunlight; the autumn with the hum of the reaper and the song of the meadow lark; the winter with its snowbound prairies stretching far in the distance; these he loved and in his meditation of them he found his recreation.

The day we buried DOLLIVER was cold and cloudy; a drizzling rain had set in and gloom had cast its shadow over the inhabitants of the city of Fort Dodge. I shall long remember the sorrow and tender sympathy exhibited on the streets as the funeral procession passed from the armory to the cemetery. Thousands of men, women, and children lined the sides of the street, unmindful of the cold and drizzling rain. Sorrow was written deeply on every countenance. Thousands of tear-stained faces told the story all too plainly of broken hearts. Thus, unconsciously his neighbors and friends paid the highest tribute to his memory. The city of Fort Dodge is erecting a bronze statue to the memory of Senator DOLLIVER, but in the minds and hearts of the people of this generation are enshrined memories of him that are more enduring than marble, more lasting than bronze. He made for himself a big place in the world and he filled that place like the great man that he was.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK, OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: One of the pleasant features of serving in this House is that a majority of the Members do not permit the big aisle which separates the House into two parties to be regarded as a line of demarkation in matters of friendship. Senator JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER was one of my most intimate friends. In fact, he was one of the three most intimate of all the Republicans with whom I have served in 16 years. Circumstances determine very largely questions of personal intimacy. The way that Senator DOLLIVER and I became so intimate was that I was poor and he did not have very much money himself, so both of us had been experimenting somewhat in the business of lecturing at what are called lyceum lectures, and also at the Chautauquas, and were making some headway and some money. In the fall of 1899 it occurred to me one day that I had heard in years gone by that the Brockway Lecture Bureau at Pittsburg, which arranged the dates for both Senator DOLLIVER and myself, had a few years before conducted a joint lecture between the Hon. Michael Harter, of Ohio, and the Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, on the tariff question. The difference between a lecture and a speech is that you get pay for a lecture and you do not get any pay for a speech. I wrote to them and asked them if that dual lecture or debating performance had been a success, and

they answered that it had. Then I wrote to them that it seemed to me that the signs of the times indicated that politics would be of considerable interest in the next 12 months, and why not arrange a debate on the Chautauqua circuit and at these lecture courses for myself and some Republican. They answered by telling me to pick my own Republican. So I suggested Senator DOLLIVER, and we went into it.

Our first debate was down at Chambersburg, Pa., on the 14th day of December, 1899, the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington. We proceeded in that business with a great deal of success, if drawing large crowds is a test of merit, until he was appointed to the Senate, and I think during that time that he and I must have had somewhere in the neighborhood of 50 or 75 debates. The very day that he was appointed to the United States Senate we had a debate down in southern Iowa. It was my turn to open and close, but he asked me as a special favor to let him open and deliver the whole of his hour and a quarter speech first, so that he could catch a train to Des Moines to see Gov. Shaw about being appointed Senator. I always told him that I thumped him into the United States Senate. His reply to that was to inquire why I did not thump myself into the United States Senate.

The other two men with whom I have debated at these lecture courses and Chautauquas are Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, and the Hon. C. B. Landis, of Indiana, and, notwithstanding radical differences of political opinions, they are among my closest friends.

Debating on the circuit brings men into very close relationship. The newspaper wits have a way of undertaking to make the Chautauqua lecturers the butt of their jokes. There is, however, this much to be said about lecture money. It is clean money; you do not have

to explain where you got it, or how you got it, or when you got it. In addition to that, the lecture business, which flourished very much from about 1855 to 1865 and then died out almost entirely, taking a new start with these Chautauquas, has been a great educational force in the country, and the Chautauqua business especially has been of vast influence in that regard. Some of the most distinguished men in both Houses of Congress have tried their hands at it, with varying degrees of success.

I was a guest in Senator DOLLIVER's house. I enjoyed the hearty hospitality of himself and wife. I roamed with him over his fine farm up on the bluffs, consisting of 400 or 500 acres of as rich land as the sun ever shone on. He took a great deal of pride in the fact that the farm had at one time belonged to Gov. Carpenter. He was genial; he was companionable; he was handsome; he was true as steel to his friends.

It may or may not be known to some people that he came very near being President of the United States. There has been a great deal of dispute about what happened down at Philadelphia in 1900 at that Republican convention. Of course, I do not undertake to say exactly what did happen or all that happened. I will tell what I believe, and I believe it on the very best authority, too, and that is if Col. Roosevelt had adhered to his declared intention of not accepting the vice presidential nomination, without doubt JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER would have been nominated almost by acclamation. Of course if he had been, he would have been elected along with McKinley and would have succeeded to the Presidency of the United States. That he would have made an intelligent and patriotic President I have no doubt.

When he and I were debating at the Chautauquas and in the lecture courses he was a great deal more of an

orator than he was a debater. There is a vast difference between an orator and a debater. A man may be both, but he is lucky if he is either. I think in the hour and a quarter's speech that he delivered in those debates there were two or three sections of 10 minutes each which would have graced the speech books, which is the highest tribute I know how to pay to his eloquence. He lived, however, to become one of the foremost debaters in the land, and, strange to say, he became a debater in the last year or two of his life.

I am not going to trench upon the dangerous ground of political differences in this talk, except so far as it may be necessary to illumine his life. My own judgment about it is that, considered solely with relation to DOLLIVER's fame as a debater and thinker, the best thing that ever happened to him was that Senator Aldrich and the men who made up the Finance Committee of the Senate refused to place him on it. That put him on his mettle. He was determined to show the men who did that that he knew something about the tariff question and could debate with the best of them. He employed an expert on tariff facts, paying him out of his own pocket, and the expert rendered him very valuable services, and I believe it is entirely within the range of truth to say that DOLLIVER's speeches in the Senate in the last 18 months of his life are among the finest specimens of congressional debating that have taken place in the last 20 years.

I have said time and again—I have said it in this House; I have said it on the stump; I have said it in private conversation—that the last speech, the long speech which Senator DOLLIVER delivered on that tariff bill 10 months after it was passed in the spring of 1910, as a sample of oratory, of eloquence, of wit, of humor, of sarcasm, of learning, has not been exceeded in either branch of Congress in a generation. There are parts of it equal in irony

to anything that Junius wrote. There are bits of it equal in wit to anything that Sydney Smith ever said. There are certain parts and passages of it equal in humor to Mark Twain at his best. There are certain parts of it as philosophical as Lord Bacon's essays, and taken altogether it is a splendid monument to the man's memory.

I had a rather curious experience with him about it. When I made the 1 hour and 20 minutes' speech here in May, 1910, in reply to Mr. Chairman Payne, I quoted from that speech of Senator DOLLIVER's very liberally. A few days afterwards I was over in the Senate, and I told him that he was an ungrateful kind of statesman. He wanted to know why. I replied that I had quoted his speech very elaborately in the House, and that it seemed to me he ought to thank me for it; that it gave him a great advertisement; and that he never had thanked me for it. He looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and said that he was not absolutely certain that the fact that I had quoted from his speeches and had passed eulogies upon his present views would be of any advantage to him ultimately in a political way.

In that same conversation he startled me by telling me that he was in a very bad condition physically; that he was extremely anxious and uneasy about himself.

Senator DOLLIVER was an enthusiast by nature. He was a Methodist, thoroughly imbued with the principles of the Christian religion as expounded by the Methodists. In politics he was a thoroughgoing Republican, born and reared in a Republican household, a Republican all his days. He was a patriot to the core. I never knew a man who loved his country with greater devotion than he did. He seemed destined for a long life. He cut a splendid figure in this House. He cut a splendid figure in the Senate. It does not necessarily follow, and in a great many cases it does not follow, that because a man is a

shining light in the House he is sure to succeed equally well in the Senate. But he succeeded equally well in both. He was stricken down in the very prime of life, at the meridian of his fame. He now takes his place in the goodly company of distinguished men whom Iowa has contributed to the service, the honor, and the glory of the Republic.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAUGEN, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: In accord with time-honored custom we are here to-day to speak in memory of the life, character, and work of one of Iowa's most beloved and distinguished citizens, one who for 20 years was a beloved and honored Member of this House and Senate; one endowed with lofty ideals; a character of the highest type, founded on integrity; one with unusual talent, fortified with a wealth of learning. He as a young man entered the public service with zeal, integrity, character, ability, and conscience, rectitude of purpose, dominated by noble and lofty ideals, with firm determination to do justice and right, to serve his country and fellow men.

Having served with Senator DOLLIVER in this House, having lived in his home, and having studied his grand life and character, I got to know him well, and the better I knew him the more I admired him and the more I loved him. I knew of his bright life, his pure character, his devotion to truth, his many grand and noble qualities manifested in his every walk of life, both public and private. In his Christian home he lived a pure, bright, and grand life, a most devoted husband and a patient and affectionate father, generous, considerate, and helpful to others, always ready to lend a helping hand, a man with keen, clean, clear, and sound mind, blessed with extraordinary intelligence and power of conception, a student, a thinker, and a most untiring worker. There seemed to be no limit and no end to his industry and research. In

his home, in his office, in the Senate Chamber, from early morning to late at night he toiled. Among the most pleasant hours of my life are those spent in his company. Nearly every night, after his day's work, he would join the circle around the fireplace to cheer, to enlighten, and entertain. He possessed a wonderful fund of knowledge and wide range of information not only on public questions, but he spoke with readiness and fluency on any subject he took up and discussed. His remarks on any subject were not only illuminating and brilliant but always instructive and interesting in the highest degree. Every thought and utterance was fresh and refreshing. We all found in him something to learn. Uppermost in his mind and his heart was his God, the people, and country he so dearly loved. Every act and purpose was patriotic. He was eminently a talented and lovable man. In his modest, unassuming way, his kindness and strong mind and character, his sympathy and unceasing industry he fought his way up in the world and attained the high and exalted position which he occupied at the time of his death.

At the age of 31, in 1888, he was elected, and in 1889 he became a Member of Congress, and August 2, 1900, with 11 years of distinguished and faithful service to his country, here in the House, he was appointed United States Senator, and twice elected by the legislature of his State.

No man ever entered public life better fortified and equipped as a legislator. His work, especially in the last years of his service, showed that it meant little to him whether many or few shared in his views. If he felt that he was right, that was all sufficient to him. That was his guiding star, and when fully convinced that he was right he would go straight forward with a courage that never faltered and with earnestness, sincerity, and

clearness he would point out what to him seemed the right course. He seemed to have knowledge of every proposition before Congress, its scope and object, and whenever any important question arose concerning the welfare of his people and country he never flinched, shrunk, or forgot his responsibility. He was always found in the foremost ranks championing the cause of liberty and for what seemed just and right to him, and with his power of speech and eloquence he moved his audience to tears and applause. With his mine of knowledge, his power of comprehension, his forceful and logical presentation of facts, he always received the closest attention and his speeches proved most effective. He rarely attempted to speak without preparation. Generally his speeches were prepared with the greatest of care, and the ideas, style, thought, and arrangement of his speeches were the result of his skill and hard work. But fortified as he was with a wealth of learning and knowledge of public affairs, acquired by experience and constant and persistent study, without previous preparation he would, at times, speak for hours with fluency, mastering the subject discussed with force, clearness, and eloquence, and in these master efforts it seems that all that was necessary for him to do was to reach out into that ocean of eloquence and information he had stored away to pick out one gem after the other, and for hours he would deal out sledgehammer blows with a most powerful and unceasing eloquence.

DOLLIVER was not a politician or an organizer. As an orator of his day he had no superior. Iowa has been blessed in orators, statesmen, and public men. Of them all, Senator DOLLIVER achieved the widest and most enduring fame. No man in public life rendered to the Republic more patriotic, faithful, and eminent service than did Senator DOLLIVER.

When we review his career for zeal, faithfulness, his noble and upright life; what he did and sought to do for the good of humanity and his country; his conception of the high purpose of Government; truly it can be said that he was an honor to his State and to the House and Senate.

Senator DOLLIVER commanded, not only public confidence, but the love, respect, and affection of all who knew him. The depth of feeling of his neighbors and friends was manifested in the large concourse of people at his funeral. We saw the large auditorium and streets filled with men and women, old and young, black and white, from near and far, assembled there in testimony of their deep affection and to do honor to his memory. Here, where he had lived the greater part of his life and where they knew him best, they loved him most. The presence of thousands of friends and neighbors, the sorrow, the sermon, the eulogies, the flowers, and expressions on every hand testified to his greatness, and that a faithful friend and upright citizen had passed away.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMITH, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: In 1881, when but 26 years of age, Senator DOLLIVER by a single address took his place among the great public speakers, not only of Iowa, but of this country. Never, perhaps, was there such a sudden rise to conspicuous prominence by any man in the history of that State. That year he was called to many Eastern States, and his reputation immediately spread throughout the country. In four years he was elected to this House and remained here without opposition until his appointment to the Senate.

I became acquainted with him early in his career, and for many years we were close personal friends. I was early impressed with the wonderful breadth of his reading, and particularly with the extent of his knowledge of English and American literature. This, without any ostentation of learning, enabled him to illumine his conversation and public addresses with all the philosophy and wit of all the ages.

He was the most eloquent man ever produced by Iowa, and I think I am not influenced by any provincial spirit when I say that he was the greatest American public speaker of his time. His spontaneous spirit and wide reading made him a most delightful associate and companion. Brilliant as was his public career, his devotion to his family was his most admirable characteristic. He was a beloved son and brother, a devoted husband and father, and all those nearest and dearest to him are entitled to have the sincere sympathy, not only of the people of Iowa, but of all the people of the United States, because, before his sun had reached its high meridian and, turning, cast shadows toward the east, his sky was darkened and his day was done.

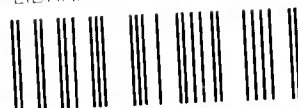
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DOLLIVER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolutions heretofore adopted, as a further mark of respect to the late Senator DOLLIVER and the late Senator McEnery, the House will adjourn.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 34 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 27, 1911, at 11 o'clock a. m.



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